THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DAME FORTUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Oh, Fortune, you're a fickle dame,
And full of change as you can be;
You shook your sunny hair and smiled,
But like a flirt you cheated me.

When in my foolish ear you breathed
Your pretty story, I believed,
And in a dream of hope forgot
How oft before you had deceived.

The desert seemed to bloom with flowers,
The south wind wander o'er the plain
With breath of balm from tropic bowers,
And peace and pleasure in its train.

And gazing on the blissful scene
With rapture, I believed it true;
But lo! you turned away and frowned,
And like a mirage it withdrew!

Oh! Fortune, you're a fickle dame,
And full of change as you can be;
You shook your sunny hair and smiled,
But like a flirted you cheated me!

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN GRANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The history of the campaign in the Peninsula under Lord Wellington, is full of romance, but none of its details are more glowingly attractive than the adventures of Captain Colquhoun Grant, the celebrated scouting officer, who caused so much trouble to Marshal Marmont. A full account of them would form a volume almost as ponderous as the history of the war itself. It is proposed to offer to the reader a single and by no means the most remarkable series of these adventures:—

In the year 1812, the Marshal Duke of Ragusa was ravaging Beira, and threatening both Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo. Many persons, alarmed at the aspect which affairs wore, were loud in their condemnations of Lord Wellington for his apparent carelessness of the safety of the latter place. Lord Wellington, however, was convinced that Marmont entertained no real intention of attacking Ciudad, and in order to confirm this opinion, sent Captain Grant into Marmont's lines, for the purpose of obtaining information of the movements and plans of that General.

Attended by a Spanish peasant, named Leon, who had been his companion in many of his expeditions, Captain Grant entered the Salamancan district. Passing the river Tormes in the night, he penetrated to the very heart of the French camp, and remained there for three days. It was his habit never to assume any disguise, and upon this occasion he wore his uniform as a British officer. During his stay in the camp of the French, he obtained, by various means, full and accurate information respecting their strength and intentions, and each day transmitted to Lord Wellington, through Spanish agents, the result of his observations. His position was one of great danger, and although the uniform which he wore would protect him from the treatment of a spy, he had but little reason to expect anything but severity at the hands of the French should he fall into their power.

On the third night of his stay, some of the peasants brought him a copy of a General Order from the French Marshal, informing the troops that the notorious Grant was within the circle of their cantonments, and commanding the soldiers to exert every means in their power to apprehend him. The order also stated that guards were placed around the lines of the cantonments for the especial purpose of preventing his egress. Marshal Marmont seemed to feel confident that Grant was in a net from which he could not escape, and he was determined to spare no effort to take him. Well might he exert himself, for Grant had done him more harm than any other man in Lord Wellington's army. He could scarcely form a plan, or begin a movement, before that efficient officer had penetrated it, and informed Lord Wellington of it. Marmont well knew that the capture of Grant would deprive the English commander of the most valuable auxiliary he had, and he was determined that if he once got Grant in his power, it would be long before he released him.

The news which the peasants brought Grant would have made a weaker man tremble for his safety, but it did not daunt him. He at once consulted with them as to the best means of passing beyond the French lines, and acting upon their advice, the next morning before daylight, entered the little village of Huerta, which is close to a ford on the Tormes, and about six miles from Salamanca. Near the village the French had a battalion of infantry, and cavalry videttes were posted on the opposite side of the river. The beat of the videttes extended from the ford some six hundred yards in each direction, and the sentinels always met at the ford.

As the day broke, the French battalion assembled, under arms, on its alarm post. The peasants now brought Grant, with his horse, behind the gable of a house, which was opposite and very near the ford, and which concealed him from the infantry. The peasants hid him from the view of the cavalry, by standing on some loose stones, and spreading out before him their long cloaks. The plan which Captain Grant had chosen was desperate in the extreme, but he could choose no other. Waiting calmly until the sentinels had separated to the full extent of their beats, he put spurs to his horse, dashed through the shallow ford, passed the sentinels, receiving their fire as he did so, and set out in the direction of a dense wood which was not far distant. The French gave chase, but Grant succeeded in reaching the wood, where he was enabled to baffle his pursuers, who gave up the chase in despair. He had become separated from Leon in his flight, but the latter, thanks to his native dress, met with no interruption, and was enabled to join his master in the wood.

Captain Grant had now escaped the first danger which threatened him, but he had not yet satisfied himself as to the intentions of the French commander. He had already ascertained that the means of storming Ciudad Rodrigo were prepared, and the French officers openly avowed that it was Marmont's intention to attack the fortress; but he entertained a serious doubt of the sincerity of these declarations. At all events, he determined to remain and see if the march of the French would not be directed by the Pass of Perales towards the Tagus. He also desired to ascertain more definitely their real numbers. For this purpose he placed himself on a wooded hill near Tamames, where two roads meet—one leading to the Pass of Perales, the other to Ciudad Rodrigo. He remained there concealed until the whole French army marched by. From his elevated position he noted every gun and battalion, and by this means obtained an accurate estimate of the strength of the enemy.

As the French passed by, they took the road to Ciudad, and Grant, alarmed, lest his suspicions should prove false, followed them into the town of Tamames, entering it after they had left it. Here he discovered that they had left behind them the greater part of their scaling ladders, which convinced him that they had no intention of storming Ciudad Rodrigo. He at once dispatched to Lord Wellington intelligence of that fact, and this it was that allayed the fears of the English general for that fortress.

Hurrying forward, and avoiding the French, Grant preceded Marmont across the Coa, wishing to see whether he intended marching by Guarda upon Coimbra, or by Sebugal upon Castello Branco. In order to reach Castello Branco, from the direction from which the French were approaching, it was necessary to descend from a succession of ridges through a pass.

Grant placed himself on one of the lower ridges in this pass. His motive in choosing this ridge in preference to one more elevated was that it would enable him to move with more facility and rapidity into the country below. The ridge was covered with a thick growth of dwarf oaks, which he thought would screen him from the observation of the French. Whether the latter had information of his proximity to them, or whether they discovered him by accident is not known, but from the higher ridges which they occupied, the French officers with their glasses, detected him among the stunted oaks, and a party of cavalry was at once sent in pursuit.

In a few moments, Leon, who always kept a sharp lookout when in the enemy's country, called out in alarm, "The French, the French," and pointed to a party of dragoons who were rapidly approaching them. Grant and Leon immediately darted into the wood for a short distance. Then wheeling, they fled in another direction, hoping by this means to baffle their enemies. But unfortunately for them, the French on the heights above, were enabled by means of their glasses to detect all of their movements, which were communicated by signals to the pursuers. At every turn the fugitives encountered new enemies. At last, dismounting, they fled through the woods on foot. All their efforts were futile, however, the French officers continued to point out their movements, and their enemies rapidly closed around them. At last Leon fell exhausted, and Grant, seeing the hopelessness of escape, ceased his efforts, and remained by his companion. In a few minutes the French troopers came up, and despite the entreaties of Grant, barbarously murdered poor Leon as he lay helpless on the ground.

Grant, himself, they treated with courtesy—they carried him at once before Marshal Marmont. The French commander received him with apparent kindness, and invited him to dine with him, and Grant, being very hungry, gladly accepted the invitation. During the meal, Grant's exploits became the subject of conversation, and Marmont assured his prisoner that he had been for a long time on the watch. He told him he knew all his haunts and disguises, and was aware that only the night before, he (Grant) had slept at the French headquarters. Grant assured him that he was mistaken in this, as he never used any disguise. Marmont only laughed at him, and told him it was useless to try to conceal his acts, as they were all known to him.

It turned out afterwards that there were two Grants, and that Marmont attributed to Captain Grant many of the acts of a professional spy of the same name, who was in the pay of the English. It is to his ignorance of the existence of the other Grant, that we must, no doubt, attribute the Marshal's subsequent conduct with reference to his prisoner, which if viewed in any other light, casts a dark stain upon the honor of that brave soldier.

During his stay with the French Marshal, Grant was treated with the greatest apparent kindness. By this means he was thrown off his guard, and induced to give his parole that he would not consent to be released by any of the Spanish partizan bands while on his journey through Spain to France. By this means Marmont secured his captive, for, although Grant did not know it at the time, Lord Wellington had offered two thousand dollars to any guerilla chief who should rescue him. By exacting a special parole from Grant, Marmont completely defeated this movement, and his course, though harsh and unusual, was a decided compliment to Grant.

Soon after this, Grant was sent with an escort to Bayonne. With this escort, Marshal Marmont, no doubt impressed with the belief that there was but one Grant, sent a letter to the Governor of Bayonne, in which he designated the prisoner as a notorious and dangerous spy, who had inflicted great injury upon the French, and whom he would have hung upon the spot, had it not been that, at the time of his capture, he wore the uniform of the British army. He desired the Governor of Bayonne to place him in irons, and send him up to Paris.

By some means Grant managed to acquaint himself with the contents of this letter, and was naturally indignant at the double dealing of the French Marshal.

The custom, in most cases, was for a prisoner upon his arrival at Bayonne to report himself to the authorities, and receive from them a passport to travel to Verdun. This Grant did, contriving in the meanwhile to delay the delivery of the letter. He had good reason to believe that if Marmont's orders were carried out, he would be tried, condemned and executed as a spy, and he resolved to make his escape. His parole only applied to Spain, and could not control him one moment after entering France. He was sure that if he could once pass beyond Bayonne, the Governor of that place, thinking he had escaped to the Pyrenees, would pursue him in that direction, and failing to capture him, would suppress Marmont's letter.

After procuring his passport, Grant inquired at the hotels if any French officer was going to Paris. Learning that General Soubon was returning to Paris from Spain, he boldly waited upon him, announced his name, exhibited his passport, and asked permission to join his party. The general, who knew Grant by reputation, and who admired his gallantry and daring, readily consented to the arrangement, and the party set out. The general was entirely ignorant of Marmont's intentions, and during the journey, frequently rallied Grant upon his adventures. Little did he dream that he was at that moment aiding the gallant partizan in the execution of the most daring and dangerous scheme he had ever formed. Grant was full of the most painfull anxiety during the journey. He was fearful that some untoward event might occur, which would place him again in the hands of the French.

At last, to his great joy, the party reached Orleans; and in passing through this city, Grant, by some unaccountable means, discovered an English agent, and upon stating his case to him, received a recommendation to another secret agent in Paris, whose assistance was necessary to his final escape. When he arrived at Paris, he took leave of General Soubon, and securing lodgings in an obscure and retired part of the city, began his search for the secret agent. Upon discovering him, and informing him of his situation, he received from him money and such things as he needed. The agent advised him not to appear before the police to have his passport examined, but to remain perfectly quiet until it could be ascertained whether there were any movements on foot to procure his arrest. He also advised Grant to take lodgings in a public street, to visit the coffee-houses, and even the theatres, and by no means to appear anxious to avoid suspicion, as he would, by such a course, inevitably draw it upon him. Grant took his advice, and for some time afterwards remained in Paris in perfect safety. In the meantime, the agent, who was in some way connected with the police, learned that no inquiry concerning him had been instituted. Still he could not help feeling anxious, for as long as he remained in France he was in danger.

In a few weeks the agent informed him that a passport was ready for one Jonathan Buck, an American. This Buck had died on the very day the passport was issued, but his death was not yet known to the police, and could be concealed for a while. The agent told Grant that if he chose to incur the risk, he might demand this passport, and leave Paris with it. Seeing no other prospect of getting away, Grant determined to act upon this suggestion. Accordingly he presented himself before the authorities, and declaring that he was Jonathan Buck, demanded the passport which had been prepared for him.

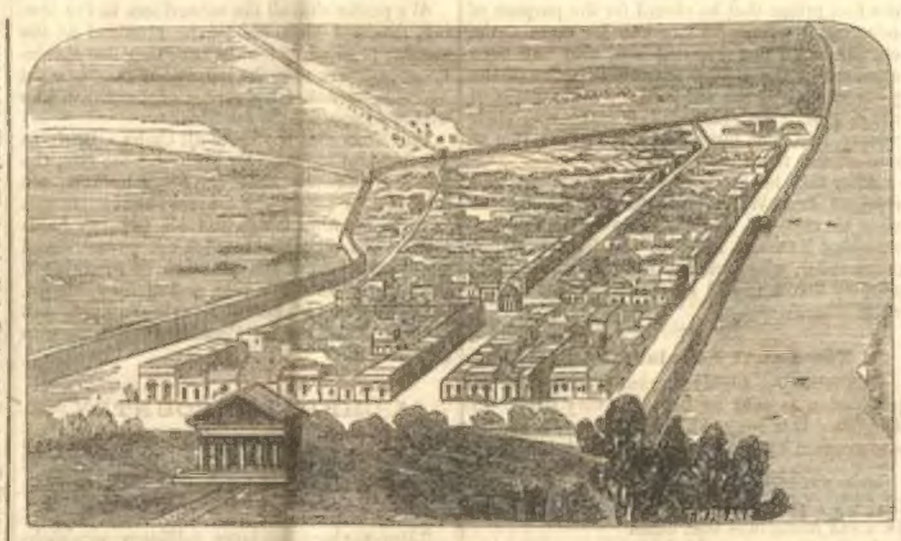
The unsuspecting authorities delivered the passport to him, and armed with this, Grant immediately set out for the mouth of the Loire. He had reason to believe that he would receive more assistance in that direction than at any other port. His passport enabled him to travel with safety, and his anxiety to escape, caused him to travel with the utmost speed. He had no idea of falling a second time into the hands of the French, and he was by no means desirous of remaining in their country a moment longer than was necessary. He passed through the towns as rapidly as possible, dreading as he entered each, that the French authorities might have discovered the trick he had played upon them, and have taken measures for his arrest. Fortunately he met with no interruption, and after a brief journey reached the mouth of the Loire in safety.

Upon reaching the port, he discovered that the assistance he had expected to receive, would not be forthcoming, and he at once set to work to devise means for his escape from a country which was becoming more odious and dangerous to him every hour. This he found no easy task, for he had to encounter new difficulties and dangers at every step. Once or twice he came near being discovered, but succeeded by his superior skill and ingenuity in averting the danger. His difficulties might have dampened the ardor of a less determined or less able man, but they only tended to increase his exertions, and develope his astonishing talents. At last fortune smiled on him, and seemed to aid him in his plans.

After some time spent in attempting other means of escape, Captain Grant at last took passage for the United States in an American ship. The departure of this vessel being delayed for some time, he was fearful that the delay might endanger his safety, and frankly avowed to the captain of the ship, his true character and perilous situation. Fortunately for him, the captain of the vessel, unlike the majority of his countrymen, was not the friend of France, but sympathized with the English. He advised Grant to assume the character of a discontented American seaman. Grant was delighted with the suggestion, and at once determined to act upon it. The captain of the ship gave him a sailor's dress, and forty dollars. By the advice of the captain, Grant waited upon the American Consul at that port, and deposited the money with him, as a pledge that he would prosecute the captain for ill usage as soon as he arrived in the United States. Upon hearing his statement, and receiving the money, the Consul, as was usual in such cases, gave him a certificate as a discharged sailor, seeking a ship. The chief danger which threatened Grant seemed over now—the certificate of the American Consul would enable him to pass from port to port without molestation, and he might, if he saw proper, travel around the entire French coast.

Not far from the mouth of the Loire is a small island, which at that time was a kind of neutral ground. There the English vessels frequently took in water unmolested, and in return for this privilege, they permitted the few inhabitants to fish and trade with perfect freedom.

To this island Grant determined to escape. He knew that if he could once reach it he could easily remain concealed among the inhabitants until the arrival of a British vessel, and as these



LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE ROMANS.

London seems to have been designed by nature as the capital of England. That it was an important town, before the arrival of the Romans, cannot be doubted. In the first century of the Christian era it was the principal port and mart; for Tacitus tell us, that although *Verulamium*, St. Albans, was a *municipium*, or municipal city, and *Camalodunum*, Colchester, even a *colonia*, *Londinium* was the chief place of trade. In the "Itinerary of Antoninus," too, London is either the starting point or the terminus of most of the Roman roads; and it is really curious to note how strong a general resemblance exists between a map of Roman South Britain and one of modern England. In the former, the grand *vias*, or military ways, converge towards the great commercial metropolis, just as railways do now-a-days in the frontispiece of "Bradshaw."

To any one who sees London as it is, with its teeming millions, and strong-rushing tide of commercial activity, it is difficult to conceive of the *Londinium* of the Romans. No towered wall, no peristyled temple, no lofty arch, remains to testify of the glory of the conquerors of the world. Nor is this wonderful, if we consider that London's history is one of almost unchecked prosperity from the earliest times. "In such towns," it has been well observed, "it is often difficult to recognize a vestige of antiquity. But the change is less complete when, at some comparatively remote period, the tide of progress has been impeded, and the towns have declined in trade and population. In the former class may be mentioned London and Paris; in the latter, Treves, Orange, Frejus, &c. Pompeii stands in a class by itself, in having been preserved to us in a great measure, in the condition in which it was eighteen hundred years since, by an extraordinary natural catastrophe. As a rule, we shall find that the prosperity of towns has been the most fatal cause of the loss of their configuration and of their monuments."

Not many years ago, on a royal visit being paid to a certain southern city, great preparations were made, and the mayor, duly robed in scarlet and chained with gold, went forth with a loyal address to receive the King. The address having been graciously accepted, the Sovereign remarked:—

"Yours, Mr. Mayor, is a very ancient city!"

"Why, yes, please your Majesty," replied that functionary, "*it have a been a very ancient city.*"

All that is obvious now in London wears a modern aspect, and it is only from history and archæology that we are enabled to discover that the great metropolis "*have a been*" a very ancient seat of population and of trade. How far the artist's sketch of Roman London may be relied on, we will not undertake to say, further than that it fairly represents the character and proportions of a Roman town with its temples, streets, walls, gates, and converging military causeways.

There are a good many things in this world that are not obvious to careless and superficial observers, and Roman London is one of them. Nothing of Roman London stands above ground. We have all heard of the want of perspicacity which prevents some people's looking through a millstone, or seeing into the middle of next week; but those feats would be trivial compared with a successful attempt to scan Roman London, lying, as it does, from twelve to twenty feet below the present surface. The *city* proper, and the circumjacent parts of London, stand upon a regular stratification of the *debris* of older periods. At a certain level will be found remains belonging to the Norman period; lower down those of Saxon origin; then Roman; and lastly primeval; and these occur with nearly the precision of geological strata, as they are encountered by the well-sinker and the miner. It is only, therefore, in sinking deep foundations, in digging sewers, and in other such like works, that one gets even a glimpse of the Pompeian or subterranean London. The observation of antiquaries induces the belief that the accumulation of earth amounts, on an average, to about a foot in a century, so that without excavations of some fourteen or fifteen feet in depth, no chance of finding traces of Roman occupation can well be expected. It is to a careful watch kept over such excavations by a few zealous antiquaries—at the head of whom we may, without offence to the rest, place the name of Mr. Roach Smith—that we owe what knowledge we possess to the material remains of *Londinium*.

With regard to the extent of Roman London, very little is known. Mr. Roach Smith is inclined to think that a considerable portion of it lay south of the river, and that old London Bridge "marked the centre of the earlier *Londinium*." Of the later walled town the top of Fish Street Hill, and its junction with Gracechurch Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street, may have been the centre. Mr. Smith would place the northern wall somewhere along the course of Cornhill and Leadenhall Street; the eastern, in the direction of Billiter Street and Mark Lane; the southern, in the line of Upper and Lower Thames Street; and the western, on the east side of Walbrook. This plan would give "the form of an irregular square, about the centre of each side of which may be placed the four main gates, corresponding with Bridge Gate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate."

ships were repeatedly at the island, he would not have long to remain there. He had some difficulty in obtaining the means of reaching the island, but at last succeeded, by means of a heavy bribe, in inducing a fisherman to consent to take him in his boat to the desired haven. The price agreed upon was ten Napoleons—all that remained of the sum with which the agent of Paris had provided Grant.

On the night on which the boat sailed from the French coast, the tall masts of the English ships were just discernible on the opposite side of the island. Grant's heart beat high, for he felt sure that a few hours would place him among friends and end his troubles. Half the distance between the coast and the island had been sailed, when the boatman, either from fear or malice, suddenly put about and returned to port. In vain Grant protested and implored. The boatman was obdurate. He would not go to the island, and Grant was forced to submit.

When they reached port again, the boatman, although he had deliberately refused to fulfill his contract, insolently demanded the ten Napoleons.

"You are an insolent dog," said Grant, indignantly, "and you shall not have them."

"But I will make you pay me," said the boatman.

"How will you do so?" asked Grant, quickly.

"I will complain to the police," said the boatman, "and they will compel you to pay me all that you have promised me. That will not be very pleasant for you."

"It will be worse for you," said Grant.

"How is that?" asked the boatman.

"If the authorities get me in their power I am lost," replied Grant, "and I shall at once reveal my name and character. I will then denounce you for having aided the escape of a prisoner of war, and will adduce the high price of your boat as a proof of your guilt. If they do not shoot you they will send you to the galleys for life."

"You will not dare do this," said the boatman, uneasily.

"Try me," said Grant, calmly. "Now, you infernal scoundrel," he continued, "though your rascality does not entitle you to one single sou, I will give you one Napoleon. You get no more from me."

"You will be a great fool to denounce me to the police," said the boatman, half angrily, half cringingly.

"Not half so great a fool as you will be to lodge a complaint against me," was Grant's reply. "You had better take the money I offer, and hold your tongue. If you place me in the hands of the police, I shall simply be conducted back to prison and kept there until I am exchanged; but if I denounce you they will either shoot you or send you to the galleys."

Grant's menace had the desired effect. The boatman frightened by it took the offered Napoleon, which he by no means deserved, and promised to let the matter drop. He saw that he was in Grant's power, and that if he carried his rascality any farther it would recoil upon his own head. Grant was delighted to find that the boatman was baffled in his iniquity, for he feared that if he ever fell into the hands of the police his true character would be discovered, and he would be made to suffer for the crimes attributed to him by Marmont.

A few days after this Grant succeeded in employing an old fisherman, who promised faithfully to put him on the island. He left the coast with many misgivings, for the conduct of his first boatman had not prepossessed him in favor of the honesty of the class. But his apprehensions were in this case unnecessary. The old fisherman complied with his agreement with the most scrupulous honesty; upon reaching the island, however, they found no ships there. The fisherman learned from some of the islanders that an English frigate was cruising off the coast. After catching some fish he set sail in the direction of the frigate, but had not gone far when a shot from a coast battery brought him to. Immediately a boat, filled with soldiers, put off towards them from the battery. Grant now, for the first time, gave up all hope of escape. He felt sure that the soldiers would seize the boat and make prisoners of them. At last the boat came alongside.

"Where are you going?" asked the officer in charge of the boat, a mere youth.

The fisherman replied that he was going to a place which he named, some twenty miles distant.

"You cannot proceed," said the officer.

"Why?"

"There is a large English frigate lying off the coast, about ten miles below here; and if you attempt to go on you will certainly be taken. My orders are not to allow anything to pass this point while the frigate is off the coast."

"But I must go on, monsieur," said the fisherman. "If I do not reach my destination to-night I shall starve. I am so well acquainted with the coast that I apprehend no danger from the frigate."

"Who is that in there with you?" asked the officer abruptly.

Grant's heart leaped into his throat.

"It is my son," said the fisherman calmly.

A load was lifted from Grant's heart.

"Have you any fish?" asked the officer as the fisherman produced several bunches of excellent fish.

The officer seemed anxious to take them all, but it was evident, from his hesitation, that he did not have the money to do so.

"Give them to him," whispered Grant.

"What is the price of these fish?" asked the officer.

"They are yours, monsieur, if you will accept them," said the old man.

The officer at once took the fish, and thanked the old man.

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should proceed?" he asked.

"If we do not we shall starve," said the fisherman.

"And you are well acquainted with the coast?"

"I have known it for forty years, monsieur," said the old man.

"And you are confident you can escape being captured by the frigate?"

"Perfectly confident."

"Then you may proceed," said the officer. "You had better remain here until nightfall—then you can go on; and I hope you may be successful."

"I will lie off here, and fish until dark," said the fisherman.

"Very good."

Under the pretence of being anxious to avoid the English, the fisherman obtained from the officer the exact bearings of the frigate. The information was most minute, not a single particular that was of value or interest being omitted. At last the boat put off for the shore.

"God bless you," said Grant gratefully to the fisherman. "If we reach the frigate in safety you shall be rewarded."

"Monsieur," said the old man, "I have a son. Were he in your condition, I should feel grateful to the man who would save him from danger."

It was late in the afternoon when the boat was stopped, and Grant and his companion did not have long to wait. As soon as it was dark they resumed their course. Thanks to the information obtained from the French officer, a few hours brought them in sight of the lights of the English vessel. How Grant's heart beat for joy as the lights rose suddenly out of the blue waters and gleamed brightly before him. He was now near the end of his troubles, and would soon see England once more. In about an hour they were alongside of the frigate. Grant went on board immediately, and the fisherman, after making his boat fast to the ship, followed him.

The next morning Grant rewarded the old man handsomely for his services, and the commander of the vessel gave him a protection which would enable him to pursue his calling without molestation by the English cruisers. The old man then took his departure.

Soon the frigate sailed for England, and Grant went with her.

In order that there might remain no doubt as to the propriety of his escape, Grant asked and obtained permission to select and send to France a French officer equal in rank with himself. In the first prison that he visited for the purpose of selecting an officer, he found to his surprise the old fisherman and his real son, who had been captured by the British cruiser, in spite of the protection given the old man by the captain of the frigate. He succeeded in procuring their release, and after furnishing them with a sum of money, sent them back to France.

After this he returned to the Peninsula, and rejoined Lord Wellington within three months after his capture. He was again on the Tormes, watching Marmont, much to the disgust of that commander, who declared that he was the most slippery fellow it had ever been his lot to deal with.

The Latest Popular Nonsense.

The following highly elegant and intellectual production is said to be the "very latest" in London. It is sung, whistled, danced, hummed and grunted by everybody old enough to walk:

THE 'ORRIBLE TALE.

Oh! it's a 'orrible tale I'm going to tell,
Of a sad misfortune that befell
A family that once resided
In the very self-same street that I did.

Oh! it is such a 'orrible tale
It's sure to make your cheeks turn pale,
Your eyes with tears will be over-run;
Wigglety, waggletv, wigglety, wum.

They never saw any company
Tho' a highly respectable family,
Till each grew more sadder and sadder,
And each was affrighted at the other's shadow.

They pulled down the blinds to keep out the light
Till everything was as dark as night;
And as they were determined on suiciding,
I'll tell you the manner they respectively died in.

One day as the father in the garden did walk,
He cut his throat with a piece of chalk;
The mother an end to her life did put
By hanging herself in the water butt.

The youngest daughter on bended knees,
She poisoned herself with toasted cheese;
The youngest son, a determined fellow,
Blew out his brains with an old umbrella.

The gard'ner came in and saw the blood,
He run himself through with a piece of rhubub;
His wife saw the sight and it turned her savage,
She burnt herself to death with a red pickled cabbage.

The old tom cat as he sat by the fire,
Bit a piece off the fender and then did expire;
The flies on the ceiling, their case was the worst,
For they blew themselves up with spontaneous combustion.

The old cow in the old cow shed,
Took up the pitchfork and knock'd off her head;
The little donkey hearing the row,
Knocked out his brains with the head of the cow.

Oh! it is such a 'orrible tale,
It's sure to make your cheeks turn pale,
Your eyes with tears will be over-run;
Wigglety, waggletv, wigglety, wum.

Christmas Trees.

Choose a prettily-shaped spruce or silver fir tree—it may be either cut off at the root or not, but it must be made fast and steady in a small tub or square box, which can be ornamented according to taste, procure as many dozens of little colored wax tapers as the tree will require to light it up well; they are easily fastened on with a little fine wire, twisted first round the tapers and then round the branch. Abundance of gay little flags should be interspersed through the branches, and pretty little ornaments, which are sold for the purpose by the dozen (at a trifling cost,) should be suspended by bright-colored narrow ribbon or wool. The reflecting-balls, sold amongst these, add much to the effect. Toys and presents of all kinds, attached in the same way, complete the tree, which can hardly be too heavily laden. Each present, of course, to have a little numbered ticket attached to it, the duplicates of which are placed in a hat or bag for drawing.

I have seen some Christmas trees sprinkled with white to imitate snow or hoar-frost. This has a pretty effect and may be done by touching the leaves, or rather the green part of the tree, sparingly with weak gum-water, using a large painting brush, and then rather thickly sprinkling over the whole some crushed sugar and flour just before the tree is exhibited, placing a cloth underneath it during the process, that the table or the floor may not be strewed with sugar.

☞ The singular epithets of "bears" and "bulls" were first applied to speculators in stocks on the London Exchange about 1834. When two parties contract, the one to deliver and the other to take stocks on a future day at a specified price, it is the interest of the delivering party, in the intervening period, to depress stocks, and of the receiving party to raise them. The former is styled a "bear," in allusion to the habit of that animal to pull things down with his paws, and the latter a "bull," from the custom of that beast to throw an object up with his horns.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'BER 17, 1864.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.

Read the following description from Dickens's "All the Year Round," of the mode of life of the needle-workers of London, and then remember that England is a "Christian country":—

"Day-workers in large millinery establishments earn 9s. a week, or a little more, of which half-a-crown or 3s. is paid by each for the room she calls her own, and the rest has to find dress and food. They get only their tea at the place of business. At 9, 10, or 11 on a winter's night they go home to their cold garrets, light a fire, if they can afford fuel, and cook the scanty meal that is the only real meal of the day; or, if they cannot light a fire, go to bed cold, supperless perhaps, and often thinly clad. There is one house thoughtful enough to keep a servant who cooks for these poor girls at mid-day the little dinner they may bring; their chops and sausages, potatoes, or batter in gallipots. Many, says their cook, bring meat only now and then; some never, but eat instead of it bread-and-butter or bread and pickles. A pennyworth of bread and a pennyworth of pickles is a common dinner of the poorer needlewomen. The pieces of meat when brought are often so small as hardly to be worth cooking, often coarse little scraps, and even tainted. This represents, be it understood, the condition of the middle-class of needlewomen, in the prime of life. What becomes of them when they are old? As a common rule, with, of course, many exceptions, a dressmaker as old as thirty-five can hardly get employment in a fashionable house, for she is prematurely aged, her fingers have lost their suppleness, her jaded mind has lost the interest in dress that keeps up what is called taste among women. What becomes, then, of the old dressmakers? Mrs. Chevalier, the manager of a home in Great Ormond-street, explains the case in this way:—'Taking any moderately good worker it is found that she continues stationary only for a few years. Some rise in their calling, becoming in succession second and first hands, and at last, having saved money, go into business on their own account; others marry and leave their occupation; others, after mastering dressmaking and millinery, take service as ladies' maids; and, lastly, too many go down in the scale, are found not to be good enough for their employment, and degenerating into poor needlewomen, drift away eastward!'"

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

This excellent morning paper has been purchased by George W. Childs, Esq. The late publishers, W. M. Swain & Co., retire from the business after a faithful service of twenty-nine years, during which they have exerted the great influence of the *Ledger* in favor of free speech, and against all violations of law and order. They also have advocated nearly all of those measures which have added to the wealth and prosperity of the city. The new owner, Mr. Childs, has had a large experience as a publisher, and possesses alike sagacity, industry, and energy. Under his management we hope to see the *Ledger* not only all that it has been, but even improved in many particulars. We wish him all success in his new and responsible position.

We may add that the *Ledger* is now a two cent paper. Its losses in maintaining its old price have amounted to over $100,000. Mr. Childs has shown his wisdom, and his confidence in the good sense of the community, by making this change.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

A Financial Report of this Institution from May 1861 to July 1864, shows that the total amount received from all sources up to July 1 of the present year was:—

Cash,	$2,677,904.40
Contributions in kind (valued in cash)	6,418,959.33
Total,	$9,096,863.73

Of the cash received, $753,308.42, has been expended in purchasing various articles. The amount expended in the distribution of these supplies was $266,801.71. The balance of cash in the hands of the Treasurer on the 1st of July was $1,005,396.68.

The amount of cash realized at the Fair in New York city (expenses deducted) was $1,160,091.27. The accounts of the Philadelphia Fair are not yet closed, a number of articles not yet having been disposed of, but the amount thus far realized is over $1,110,000—or about $70,000 less than that received from New York.

DR. LEWIS'S INSTITUTE.

Dr. Dio Lewis's "*Normal Institute for Physical Education*," situated in Boston, Mass., incorporated in 1861, and employing several eminent Professors, will open its Winter Term for 1865 on the 2d of January next. Already nearly two hundred graduates of this institution are at work in the cities and towns of the northern States. Of these about two-thirds are ladies.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to enter the *New Profession*, and become teachers of the popular system of Gymnastics, can send to Dr. Dio Lewis for a circular.

The Knickerbocker says:—"Success to Dr. Lewis. Gentlemen or ladies who would do real *good* in this world, and would learn a calling whose practitioners are every day in more request, should qualify themselves to become teachers at the Normal Institute."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES BY JOHN A. DORGAN. *Second Edition.* Published by C. H. Marot, 25 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. A volume of poetry by one of our city bards, containing much that is excellent. As we have no time for a critical analysis of Mr. Dorgan's productions, perhaps we can do him even more service by quoting a couple of the poems which strike our fancy. First for a

SONG.

Let us forget the promise of to-morrow,
Which, oh, too well! we know in gloom may set;
Let us forget the hope that brings but sorrow:
Let us forget—forget—forget.
Let us forget the fetters that we bear;
Let us forget the canker and the fret;
Oh! Let who will remember—remember,
Let us forget—let us forget!

Let us forget the friends who have deceived us;
Let us forget the loves that wake regret:
And all that baffled us and all that grieved us,
Let us forget—forget—forget.
Let us forget to-day and yesterday;
Let us forget the canker and the fret;
Oh! Let who will remember—remember,
Let us forget—let us forget!

The following is perhaps the finest poem in the volume:—

THE REST OF BOODH.

Of all the visions of the Eastern sages,
The garnered treasures of forgotten ages,
That pleases me, in which the supreme good
Of the desired Hereafter lies in this,
From earthly suffering and earthly bliss
To be withdrawn into the rest of Boodh.

Ye who have known the quiet which is born
In souls that have forgotten to desire,
But have desired, whom life hath made forlorn,
By fates superior to remorse or ire,
Baffled your hopes, your yearnings laughed to scorn,
Chained to the rock, or withering in the fire,
Hell's barren empire yours, but yours the clue
For which Jove trembled, which supreme Prometheus knew,
Rejoice! for ye have had even in this life
Some glimpses of the bliss of that to be,
The god-like peace that only follows strife,
The calm of victory.
Rejoice, ye kingly spirits unsubdued
For your sweet foretaste of the rest of Boodh.

The rest of Boodh! Lo, Time the eternal bears
A harp of silence: as its music wakes,
The graves grow green in which we laid with tears
Our dearest, and our faces grief forsakes;
Listen, the poet's song dies unawares;
Behold, the conqueror's arch asunder breaks:
And to the strains of that Lethean lyre
Our rapture like our anguish shall expire.

That whist of thrilling passion, joy and pain,
I would not wish again;
Yet would not lose the dreary wisdom won
In the life which is done,
The calm of high heroic hearts outworn
With victory forlorn;
I would not yield to death the poet mood
Which peoples every solitude,
The power born of wrong
Which lightens in my song;
Unchanged and changeless, yet no more the same,
Apart from all, and yet of all a part,
In the deep peace of the eternal heart
Let me abide with those who overcame,
From earth and all its phantoms many-hued
Absorbed into the colorless rest of Boodh.

The stainless, painless, passionless rest of Boodh!
There is no evil, and there is no good,
Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space, nor aught
But conscious will, and all-compelling thought,
And the deep sense of calm immutable
In which the Immortal dwell,
By whom are all things known and understood,
Far sunken in the solemn rest of Boodh.

The rest of Boodh! The starry rest of Boodh!
The love of old, and the ancestral feud,
Shall move no more, forgotten and forgiven
In the repose of heaven.
The stars shall fall; the sun be turned to blood;
The earth be shrouded in a fiery flood;
The heavens be rolled together as a scroll;
The form and face of Nature be renewed;
Still shall abide the all pervading soul,
And still the calm of those who rest in Boodh.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. From the Fourth London Edition. With a Copious Analytical Index. We have here two more volumes—the fifth and sixth of this admirable history. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HOW TO GET A FARM AND WHERE TO FIND ONE. By the author of "Ten Acres Enough." Published by James Miller, New York; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE AUTUMN HOLIDAYS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

WOODCLIFF. By HARRIET B. MCKEEVER, author of "Edith's Ministry," "Sunshine," "Flounced Robe," &c. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

FOLLOWING THE DRUM. By Mrs. Brigadier-General ESMERY L. VIELE. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE LOST LOVE. By the author of "John Drayton." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

CLEVER STORIES OF MANY NATIONS. Rendered in Rhyme by JOHN G. SAXE. Illustrated by W. L. CHAMPNEY. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

POEMS BY DAVID GRAY. With Memoirs of His Life. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

LEGENDS OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS, AS Represented in the Fine Arts. By Mrs. JAMESON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1865. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut st., Phila.

LITTLE BOOKS.—"HARRY BRIGHT, THE DRUMMER BOY," "THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW," and "PHILIP, THE BRAVE BOY." Published by Fisher & Bro., Phila.

A Strange Story.

A truly melodramatic anecdote is in circulation in Paris, which must be accepted without notarial vouching, but still as endorsed by being given to the world by those who are not ordinarily *brawards*. A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, to which he has had most distinguished introducers. The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger, and of singular appearance, the centre being composed of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold. No one ventured to ask the character of the ring or the cause of its being worn, and placing the wearer, a studiously quiet man, in the light of being an eccentric individual. A lady, however, who was piqued to know something about the matter, at last mustered the requisite courage, and said, "Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one should be delighted to know its origin." The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand, as though he would like to hide it, while he replied, "Madam, the ring is not a jewel, as you suppose, but a tomb." The curious gathered round while he continued—"This jet substance is the body of my wife; she had a horror of a tomb in Russia; she was Italian. I promised her that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she reposed in my word, which had never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to a size which would enable me to wear it as a *souvenir*. For eight days he labored almost constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensify till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, who, as I promised, I will never quit day or night during my life."

Overwork.

Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous. There are women who, after a hard day's work will sit and sew by candle or gaslight until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and langor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four, is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep, any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his arrival at the mad-house or the grave.

How to Send Letters to the South.

Newspaper conductors are frequently troubled with inquiries as to how correspondence with states in rebellion can be conducted by flag of truce. Now, although these regulations have been frequently published, those interested either do not see them or forget them, and newspaper people having many things of much more importance to keep in remembrance, forget them also. Hence for the information of all concerned, we publish the following rules promulgated by Major-General Butler, expressing the hope that every one who is, or expects to be interested in the matter, will preserve them for reference so as to relieve the newspapers from the too frequent inquiries upon this subject:—

1. No letter must exceed one page of a letter sheet, and must relate purely to domestic matters.

2. All letters (including those to prisoners,) must be sent with five cents postage inclosed, if to go to Richmond, and ten cents if beyond.

3. Every letter must be signed with the writer's name in full, and post office address.

4. All letters must be inclosed to the Commanding General of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, Fortress Monroe, indorsed (via flag of truce.)

5. No money will be forwarded, except to prisoners of war.

6. All letters sent to Fortress Monroe without a strict compliance with these rules, will be transmitted to the dead letter office.

Crinoline.

The *Progres de Lyon* announced some days since that a manufacturer in that town had received an order for 300,000 kilogrammes of steel hoops for crinolines. The *Nord* remarks that this figure, which appears extravagant, is far from representing the full amount of steel used for ladies' petticoats. One house in Paris sells annually 600,000 kilogrammes weight of steel hoops. To give an idea of this trade, which sprung up with the use of crinolines, it is only necessary to consider that every woman possesses one or two hooped petticoats, each of which contains from 20 to 30 yards of metal, weighing on an average 11 lbs.; and, as the adult French female population is at least 12,000,000, there are 12,000,000 kilogrammes of steel placed annually at the service of the finest half of the French people.

☞ A watchmaker in Spain has constructed a watch that only needs winding up once a year.

Frying.

The New York Evening Post makes the following extract from a lately published work on the "noble art of frying, for which the author deserves, and ought to receive," says the Post, "the great gold medal of every Humane Society and Life-Saving Institute in the world. In this country frying is so little understood that the frying-pan is banished from nearly all well regulated households, as the potent breeder of dyspepsias, ill-temper, nightmares and morbid hallucinations of many kinds. And yet in the hands of a skillful cook this instrument is as harmless as the gridiron, and is used to produce many delicious dishes. Attend, then, O housekeepers of America, to the words of wisdom:"

"It is a great art, too often sadly neglected. Frying is, in fact, boiling in oleaginous matter; but if there be too little liquid in your pan, only half your object is boiled; the other is warmed into a greasy mass of half-done viand, by the drops that are thrown up and fall on the upper surface, there remaining to displease the eye and disgust the palate. To fry, the object must be totally immersed at once in the heated mass of liquid oleaginous matter; for the rule is the same whether you use lard, butter or olive oil. The first and greatest care of the good cook is to see that there be plenty of liquid in the pan; the second, that the liquid be of a proper temperature, and nothing, in fact, is easier, if proper attention be paid to what you are about, and a fault-like negligence is inexcusable in so momentous a matter. Having seen that a proper quantity of oil, butter or lard, as the case may be, is put into your pan, place it on the fire and let it heat till you have obtained the proper temperature. To learn when this has arrived have ready several small sticks of bread, and dip them from time to time in the liquid. When the heat is enough, you will see that the bread, on being held for a few seconds, becomes of a clear brown color. When you have a small object to fry, now is your time; plunge it in, and lift the pan a little above the fire, for the heat must not be allowed to increase, or your object becomes too dark in color—it is burnt, in short. When your object is large, then you must allow the color of your bread, when you draw it, to be more strongly pronounced; for the immersion of a large object—a sole, for instance—will reduce the temperature to the proper tone, and at that you must regulate it, neither allowing it to be too hot nor too cold. By attending to this you will always find the color clear and bright, and not in the slightest degree greasy in appearance. You should always take care, too, that the egg for your *pane* should be very thinly and evenly laid on; to insure this the white only should be used and beaten for a long time, and when spread it should be allowed to dry for a little before adding your bread crumbs or flour. For myself, I always prefer what I have used today, namely, the flour of the haricot bean, very finely ground."

How to Become Plump.

A recent English journal says: "Everybody wanting to become lean as the lean kine of the Egyptian dreamer! Why should we not be fat? The perfection of female beauty, according to Heliogabalus the Magnificent, was "fat, fair and forty." It is not desirable that everybody should be forty. Never was Lady Morgan more annoyed than by the "about forty" of her American critic. One may be thirty-nine—in fact I have known a lady who has been thirty-nine these six years—or forty-one, but not forty. Why? Well, really, I don't know why. It admits of argument, and argument is always boresome, even when conducted by an heretical bishop floundering in an African sea. You come to me, all of you, and say, "How can we grow thin? We are positively hale and stout as any porter. We eat little, we drink less, except lemonade and cream of tartar; we take the smallest quantity of meat, shrivelled in cooking, and yet we grow stout! Shall we go to Mr. Banting? Shall we adopt his rules? Shall we submit to any regimen rather than be what we are?" No. Our opinion is that it is better to laugh and grow fat, than to be languid and become lean. In Brillat Savarin's book, "Physiologie du Gout," you will find the instructions to grow lean, if you want them; better still, the instructions how to get stout. Leanness, to our mind, is a great disaster to ladies. Beauty consists chiefly in the rounded limb and the graceful curve. "The most *recherche* toilet, the best dressmaker in the world, cannot supply absences or hide certain angles." The whole secret of how to get fat consists in a suitable diet, and these are the rules of Savarin:

"Eat a quantity of fresh bread, the same day's baking, and do not throw away the crumb. Before eight A. M., when in bed, take a basin of soup, good strong beef tea, or a cup of chocolate. Breakfast at eleven; fresh eggs, boiled or poached, cutlets, or anything else, but eggs especially. After breakfast a little exercise. Go shopping, or call on a friend, sit and chat, and walk home again. At dinner eat as much soup, meat and fish as you like, but do not omit to eat the rice with the fowl; macaroni, sweet pastry, creams, &c. At dessert, Savoy biscuits, *babas*, and other farinaceous preparations which contain eggs and sugar. Drink beer by preference, otherwise wines from the South of France. Avoid acids, except in salads; eat sugar with your fruit, if it admit of it. Do not take cold baths; breathe the fresh air of the country as much as you can; don't fatigue yourself by dancing late at a ball; and go to bed at eleven. Fatten you! this regimen is certain. 'Everything that eats can be fattened, provided the food be well and suitably chosen.'"

CRINOLINES.—It having been rumored (of course on good authority) that a diminution was to take place in them, the fashion being led by the "highest lady in the land," the manufacturers of steel bands have taken fright at what would be so material a loss to their trade. It is computed, that one single manufacturer of Lyons had lately an order for six hundred thousand pounds weight of that article, which, however, constitutes but a very small portion of the quantity made and employed in France alone. This is reckoned to amount to no less than twenty-four millions of pounds weight of steel required for the use of the feminine portion of the French population! This is, of course, without taking into account the amount of steel bands employed by English, Russian, and German ladies, and the vast amount sent out to, and fabricated in America. It is not wonderful that a stout resistance should be opposed to any diminution of so profitable a fabric, which, in fact, has now assumed the importance of a great social question.

☞ A blue and pink mare, and a colt of the same color, are the attractions of a circus in England.

Parrots.

A parrot, the property of a lady at whose house I am now staying, was particularly fond of claret. He would take half a glassfull with great satisfaction to himself. He used to make his appearance on the table with the dessert, and on being told by the gentleman of the house to go to "mamma," would pick his way in a careful, though at the same time clumsy, as far as gait went, manner over to his fair mistress, and woe betide the claret-glass given him if it was empty—a good-sized piece was immediately taken out of its side by "Baby" (as the bird was called) with his strong beak. This propensity for destroying empty glasses was so strong in "Baby," that my friend declares her stock of claret-glasses was at one time, when they were living in the country, reduced to three. At half-past four o'clock, when he knew the housekeeper was about to take her early tea, the bird would go out into the hall and shout at the top of his voice, "Baby wants his tea, Baby wants his tea." This cry was continued until some of the liquid, well sugared, was brought up for "Baby's" approval, and then the noise immediately ceased. I remember a parrot we had at "the old house at home," that drank water and milk; but I have no recollection of ever offering our pet any other liquid food. He was a green bird, and, strange to relate, a very talkative one—green parrots being generally considered the reverse of loquacious. He was never chained up, but would stand on his perch for hours, indeed he was so docile when in a good temper that the slightest order to return to his stand was obeyed. I never found him disposed to resist, except on the occasion of my mother's daily morning visit to her store-room, and then he was rather refractory. The instant he heard the cook called, he used to quit his perch and follow my mother like a dog. If, on entering the room, she neglected to give him a piece of sugar, or any other tit-bit in the sweet line, he would climb up her dress until he reached her shoulder, and, perched up there, shout out in her ear, "Poor Poll, so hungry." Poll occasionally walked out in the lawn, and his great delight was to get into a large fir-tree at the side of the house, and chatter until he collected a considerable congregation of astonished little birds around him. Then Poll was in his glory. I have often watched him going over all the words in his vocabulary, and bowing his sapient old head from side to side, evidently enjoying the consternation evinced by his feathered audience. Poll was quick at learning any phrase, particularly if it were an objectionable one. Like a child he caught up every word he ought not to. Country gentlemen in those days sometimes indulged in strong expressions, and one morning my father, having been provoked by a stupid tax-collector who had overcharged him for some of his sporting-dogs, got into a violent passion with the poor man, and told him he was a "—— fool." Poll was in the room, and I have since thought the expression must have recalled some of his ship life education to his memory, for when my father returned that evening, the bird saluted him with the very flattering epithet he had applied to the poor tax-collector.—*Helen Watney.*

☞ The Farmington Chronicle speaks of a sermon, the subject of which embraced "the personality, history and character of the invisible leader of the hosts of darkness." This may well be said to be "whipping the devil around the stump."

☞ "UPTON" TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND.—In an advertisement of Professor Anderson is the statement that he has been visited by over two hundred thousand of the "*elite*" of the metropolis. A London sheet remarks:—"We had no idea that Cockaigne had so much first-class blood and fashion in it."

☞ A correspondent writes:—"An Irish soldier belonging to the Seventh Indiana Cavalry brought me an old brass watch to fix, which looked as though the boys had been playing football with it in camp. It was well worth ten dollars to repair it, and I asked him whether he wanted it fixed at that figure. 'Och and sure I will,' was the reply, 'if you'll agree to take the watch as *part pay!*'"

☞ The London papers of November 18th announce the arrival of "General Tom Thumb" and family in that city. They are holding daily levees in a hotel near St. James' Palace. The Star says:—"The baby is a pretty little girl, with light silken hairs and a vivacious disposition. She will be a year old next month, and it may interest our readers to know that she weighs precisely seven pounds and three-quarters."

☞ Canal boats in North Carolina are armed with the Gatling gun as a protection against gurrillas. This is a novel piece of ordnance, consisting of six chambers which are made to revolve around a central barrel by means of a crank. The charges are poured into a hopper and the gun is self-loading. It will throw from seventy-five to one hundred balls per minute, the number of discharges depending on the speed with which the crank is turned.

☞ The late breach in the Erie Canal near Rochester which summarily closed the canal for the season and inflicted a damage of some fifty thousand dollars on the state, was originally caused by a small muskrat hole in the bank, which was gradually widened by the stream of water passing through, until the whole bank gave way.

☞ The Newark Daily is responsible for the following "chicken" story:—Mr. Watson Snyder, of No. 244 Broad street, attempted to kill a chicken by cutting off its head. The neck was severed just back of the eyes, but the fowl was still alive this morning, walking about and apparently but little the worse for having lost its head. The phenomenon has been witnessed by a large number of persons who were incredulous, but were compelled to believe the evidence of their own eyes.

☞ An honest grazier, who had seen "Richard" performed in Cincinnati, waited upon the manager next morning, to say that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

☞ The late Rev. Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His chapel having been infested by pickpockets, he took occasion to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid. "But lest," he added, "there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg leave to state that there are also Bow street officers on the look-out."

☞ The waste made by servants, in dust, ashes, cinders, and grease, is said to amount to more than $1,000,000 annually.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matter interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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A HANDSOME STEEL FANCY ENGRAVING and a SUPERB COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of the Fashions, Patterns, &c., too numerous to detail.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

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1. Twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

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TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies,	"	4,00
Four copies,	"	8,00
Eight copies	" and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty	" and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND *and one* of THE POST,		4,00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—The new flowers for winter wear are principally velvet, and of such exquisite tints and shades, that we are well nigh brought to the same opinion as the Frenchman who, after surveying the well-filled window of an artificial florist, exclaimed that the flowers he had been looking at were much more beautiful than natural ones. The velvet flowers which have been introduced this winter are not copied from nature, but nevertheless they are very beautiful. They are on a large scale, and consist of imaginary orchids, thistles, tulips, in variegated colors, foxgloves, large heaths, geraniums, and harebells—all made of velvet of the brightest hues. The foliage to some of these flowers is truly exquisite; it is no longer the hard glazed bright green surface which artificial leaves formerly presented to the eye, but a soft downy leaf, covered, as it were, with the most delicate hoar frost; even the stems are downy and supple, and the newest are very thick. The leaves are frequently made to represent the different autumnal tints, so varied are the green and browns in which they are dyed.

☞ A cuttle-fish dragged a little boy out to sea, and devoured him at the island of Cuba. The cuttle-fish has long arms, with which it grasps any object it attacks.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

An Intelligent Contraband.

The colored individual known as the "intelligent contraband," has doubtless enlisted, and been keeping guard at the Covington ferry, as will be seen by the following, which occurred there a few days since:—

A merchant doing business in Cincinnati, but who rejoices in the possession of an "Old Kentucky Home," which he visits about twice a week, started, with a small valise, to cross the river. Arrived upon the opposite side, he was confronted by a bayonet, behind which he recognized the sombre shadow of the countenance of one of our American brethren of African descent, and at the same time he was brought up standing, by hearing the utterance of an imperious "Halt!" And the gentleman halted.

"What hab you got dar?" questioned the sable warrior, pointing to the suspicious valise.

"Three dirty shirts, four pair of socks, a comb, tooth-brush, and a bottle of Hiawatha," was the reply.

"Whar am your permit to bring dem articles into Kentucky?" demanded the vigilant sentry.

The gentleman was nonplussed for a moment, when a happy idea struck him, or rather he struck a happy idea. Taking from his pocket-book a promissory note for $130, he handed it to the intelligent contraband, who, after regarding the document upside down with profound attention, returned it, exclaiming as he recovered arms—

"All correct; you may pass."

☞ CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—A Madame de Corday, who, having married a cousin by her father's side, continued after marriage to bear her maiden name of Corday, has just died at her chateau of Renouard, (Orne,) at the age of 90. She was a cousin of Charlotte Corday, with whom she was personally acquainted, and of whom she wrote some years since that she was "a young person habitually serious and reserved, and having the manners of a well-bred young lady, such as the usages and traditions of the Corday family might have led one to expect to find her. Nevertheless, she could laugh heartily in proper time and place, and was very fond of playing with children."

LATEST NEWS.

Army of the Potomac advices state that on Wednesday morning the Fifth Corps, a division of the Second Corps, and two brigades of Gregg's cavalry, went South. They were subsequently heard from and had crossed the Nottoway river, on the Jerusalem road, without opposition. On Thursday afternoon, a reconnoitering party of cavalry went out on the left and encountered the rebel pickets on the Vaughan road. The rebels were driven to Hatcher's Run, where they had breastworks. After some skirmishing the party returned. It was reported that firing was heard in the direction of Stony Creek, and Warren was supposed to be fighting the enemy.

Another reconnoisance towards Hatcher's Run was made on Friday morning by a force consisting of detachments from several cavalry regiments. The enemy's ridettes were driven across the run, and the rebel works on the opposite side were carried. The enemy is believed to have fallen back to Armstrong's Mills, a stronger position, a mile and a half west.

The troops under General Warren, which left Grant's lines on Tuesday night, it is now believed is destined for Weldon, North Carolina. The distance from Petersburg to Weldon is 64 miles.

The Union troops have effected a lodgment between Fort Darling and the Howlett House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—It is reported direct from General Grant's army, that on Wednesday the rebels had information that Sherman's advance was within six miles of Savannah, and that he had captured all the powder of Georgia, and three thousand stand of arms at Milledgeville.

Nashville dispatches of Saturday say that the situation is unchanged. In the afternoon there was some slight skirmishing. On account of the weather, hostilities have ceased.

"STILL SHE KEEPS ROCKING HIM."

Still she keeps rocking him,
Ever caressing him,
Brushing the hair from
His colorless brow.
Softly they've whisper'd her,
"Life has gone out of him."
Gently she answers,
"How still he is now!"

Still she keeps rocking him,
As though she would shake from him
The cold hand of death,
Like the weights from his eyes;
Rocking the clay of him,
While softly the soul of him
Angels are rocking
Far up in the skies.

☞ The San Jose Mercury says the wife of Jose Castro, of Monterey, has given birth to thirty-six children, all of whom are living together in that county. The first twenty are twins, each pair representative of either sex. Of the remaining children, eleven of them were single born.

☞ JERROLD ON CONSERVATISM.—There's a sort of men in the world that can't bear any progress. I wonder they ever walk unless they walk backwards! I wonder they don't refuse to go out when there's a new moon, and all out of love and respect for that "ancient institution," the old one. But there always were such people, and always will be. When lucifers first came in, how many old women, staunch old souls—many of them worthy to be members of Parliament—stood by their matches and tinder-boxes, and cried out "no surrender!" And how many of these old women, disguised in male attire, go every day about at public meetings, professing to be ready to die for any tinder-box question that may come up! Yes, ready to die for it, all the readier, perhaps, because dying for anything of the sort's gone out of fashion.

☞ FULTON'S STEAMBOAT.—In a speech in New Orleans, recently, Jacob Barker mentioned incidentally that when Robert Fulton's machinery for the first steamboat came from the manufactory in England to New York, it was consigned to him, and that it actually remained in his commission warehouse six months before the money could be raised to pay the charges of importation.

☞ ROYAL MANNERS.—A fact which we hope will not be lost on fashionable diners out, and may be considered as a precedent *a la mode Russe*, occurred at Avignon. The Emperor and Empress of Russia were so delighted with the fine quality of the fruit on the dinner-table at that place, that they took with them all that remained as provision for the road.

☞ The United States has more coal, and asks more for it, than any other country on the globe.

☞ A philosopher writes to a tailor who had failed to get ready his wedding suit: "It was no serious disappointment; only I should have been married if I had received the goods." That man will never be seriously disappointed.

☞ A Springfield firm manufactures 60,000 paper collars per day.

☞ A lady is stated to have discovered a remedy for stuttering. It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a louder tone.

☞ An Irishman, in describing America, said:—"I am told that ye might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground. There's fresh water oceans inside that ye might dround old Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner; an' ye'd niver be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell o' whiskey."

☞ Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others. We all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.

☞ HOW TO EXTRACT INK.—Cut neatly round them with a pair of scissors, and when you have made a hole sufficiently large, nothing will be found there. The simplicity of the process is as remarkable as its rapidity. One moment it's stain in, the next moment it's stain out.

☞ OUR, WASN'T IT?—Some newspaper letter-writer tells a very funny story about a bet between Joshua Bates, banker, London, and Lord John Russell, that Mr. B. could produce an ear of Indian corn with twenty-four rows of kernels. He sent to New York, and his correspondent procured from Layfayette, Ind., six ears of horse-tooth corn, two of which had twenty-nine rows, two thirty-one, and two thirty-two. The funny part of the story is the ears with *odd* numbers of rows. It has been a sort of "settled fact," ever since we were old enough to eat roasting-ears, that an ear of corn never grew with an odd number of rows.

AUTUMN WIND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, the lonesome Autumn wind,
How sadly it moans to-day,
How sad an echo in our hearts it finds
As it floats through the trees away;
How sadly we think of the olden time,
And the loved ones that are gone,
As we sit these lonesome Autumn days
And hear the wind's low moan.
And when the silent evenings come,
And thoughts come thronging fast,
Our hearts will wander back again
To happier times long past.

For we've many a secret no one knows
Deep in our bosoms hid,
And many a name falls on our hearts
Like clods on a coffin lid.
Ah! there's many a grief now past and gone,
And many a joy I ween,
And we think of them all these lonesome days,
As we look through the crimson sheen
Up to the beautiful evening sky,
Hushed in a soft, sweet bliss,
And blushing where the king of day
Has left his good-night kiss.

But we quietly pass through the careless world,
With a smile for every one,
And no one dreams of the bitterness
That is in our bosoms lone.
And the musically moaning, lonesome wind,
That comes with the Autumn rime,
And sighs o'er the heads of the buried ones,
Will rustle o'er ours sometime.

MRS. BARTON.

CONVINCED!

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY C. E.

Our story opens in the city of Cologne on the river Rhine.

On a lovely afternoon in the month of May, 18—, in the deep shadow of an old and mighty elm-tree and around a rude deal-table were seated four young men, whose elegant dresses indicated that the wearers belonged to the more favored class of citizens, while their conversation showed them to be followers of Mercurius, the god of the mercantile community.

Leisurely our gay friends were sipping their May-trank, that delicious concoction of wine, sugar, May-herbs and lemonjuice, while now and then some witty remark of one of the number would call forth peals of laughter and friendly repartees.

Thus far the conversation of the young men had been disjointed, consisting only of general remarks generated by the impulse of the moment, but now, when all the ordinary topics were exhausted, young Esling, one of the party, arose, and, lifting his glass to his lips, he said,

"Friends, let us drink a health to all we love!"

"Agreed," the others cried, and all lifting their glasses, the toast was drank with due decorum.

Then they all relapsed into silence, while a sudden gloom seemed to have fallen on the little party.

There stood a fifth chiar in the ring around that rude deal-table, but that chair was empty; and as if by common impulse, the eyes of our four friends were directed towards that vacant seat!

Heretofore their social reunion had been shared by a fifth, Charles Forster, the pride of doating parents, the generous friend of his mates.

But now he was gone from among them, and on the day before they had followed his remains to their last resting-place. Sad were the silent comments of our four companions on the unstability of all that is earthly. Rich, young, and the whole world before him, their friend had been called away never more to gladden their hearts by his presence at the convivial board. Should they ever see him again? Aye, who knows!

Young Esling at last broke the silence.

"What a pity," he said, "that we cannot live always, that sooner or later all our pleasures must end! How beautiful is this world; how brilliant the prospects before us. Yet all must perish, all must crumble into dust. A few years of life and pleasure, then a last farewell, and all is over!"

"Say not so, dear Esling," broke in his friend, whom we will call Krouse, "you know not how much you grieve me by speaking thus."

As the speaker and his friend Esling will figure somewhat conspicuously in the incidents which I am about to narrate, a formal introduction of the two young men to my readers may not be out of place.

Albert Esling was the only son of a wealthy merchant, in whose counting-house he filled the position of book-keeper and correspondent preparatory to his assuming the place of "one of the firm."

He was now twenty-one years of age, full of health and vigor, and possessed of many excellent qualities. He was a young man of more than ordinary ability, generous to a fault and very impulsive. His impulses though were naturally good, and had his education been of the right stamp, he might have become a truly excellent young man.

But in that respect he had been unfortunate, his mother had died while he was yet a child, and his father was too much of a merchant to care for aught else but a thorough business-education which would fit his son for the important position in store for him.

And so young Esling had become thoroughly practical, his ledger was kept with a correctness and regularity which astonished and gratified Mr. Esling senior, while his yearly balance sheet was ever looked upon as a model work of mercantile sagacity, and an undisputed statement of the assets and liabilities of the great firm of Esling & Co.

But in matters pertaining to the soul, the young man was sadly ignorant. In his earlier youth he had been taught the ten commandments and the first principles of religion; but love of money, which always largely enters into the calculations of the man of business, and the duties of his responsible situation, had gradually crowded out all other thoughts, until naught remained but the mere matter-of-fact man of the world.

His freind Henry Krouse was the son of a clergyman, and although poor in comparison with his more favored companion, the latter looked up to him as his best friend, as an elder brother rather than a stranger. Krouse was a prepossessing young man of twenty-four years of age, and if his education had been a practical and most thorough one, the more ennobling branches of a true religious training had by no means been neglected.

He occupied the responsible situation of cashier in one of the most extensive banking houses of the city, and while his superior knowledge and ability were readily acknowledged by every one connected with the house, his integrity and sterling moral worth had secured him the highest esteem of his employers. His father was a truly good man, and although he regarded the spiritual welfare of his son as paramount to every other thing, he was very far from depriving the young man of the recreations of that world, well knowing that a moderate participation in the enjoyments of life was better than anything else calculated to engender in the human breast a love of our Creator, who in His infinite wisdom gave us them to sweeten the cares of our existence.

And now, the introduction being made, except as to the outward appearance of the young men, of which the gentle reader will kindly form her or his own opinion, we will resume the thread of the conversation.

"Why?" cried Esling, looking up in surprise, "grieve you, my best friend! So much rather I would be silent all my life.

"But is it not as I have said? Is it not a pity that our enjoyments must sooner or later come to an end? Only yesterday we stood on the grave of young Forster, than whom a nobler and more generous young man the world never saw. Now he is gone from among us never more to return. Were not his a few years of life and pleasure, then a last farewell, and all is over? How then could I grieve you by speaking as I did?"

"Surely not intentionally, of that I am convinced," Krouse said; "yet nevertheless I was grieved. I know it was the fault of circumstances and of a wrong education, that you should have formed the opinions you now entertain. Yet allow me to say that these opinions are wrong; and believe me, that only my friendship for you prompts me in speaking as I do. You said: 'a last farewell and all is over!'

"Do you not feel within yourself, that the latter part of this sentence is false?

"Have you never reflected, that your body, a mere lump of clay cannot live of itself, but that a superior power is necessary to animate it, to make you the reasonable being you are? Call this power mind, reason, or whatever you will; I call it soul; and, my friend, that soul is immortal. Our body is but a garment, to be stripped off when it gets out of order; but the soul, the real man, shall live forever!"

Esling had listened with astonishment, but still he was incredulous, he could not understand, much less believe, the theories advanced by his friend, and now he replied:

"Stop, my friend, your ideas, I am afraid, have carried you too far. You are too good to lead me into a wrong direction, I know; but it seems to me, you have allowed some outside cause to influence your better judgment. Your theories sound well, but who can understand them, while all around us is as plain as day!

"Does not everything around us show that we are but the creatures of the moment?

"Created by nature we are subject to her laws; and according to these we live until we perish to make room for another, and so it goes on until the end of time.

"What is that power which animates our body, that lump of clay? Why, it is the fine organization of the whole, and if one part only of this whole becomes disordered, the organization is destroyed, and the body becomes diseased, or ceases to live. That other power which makes us the reasonable beings we are, is the brain, that seat of all reason in which, as it were, the strings of the balance that holds the different parts of our organization, are centred, and which directs all our movements.

"Thus you have my own theories. If I am wrong, I should be happy to be righted; but let me assure you, that this will be a hard, if not an entirely impossible task."

Krouse despondingly shook his head, he was sad, it grieved him exceedingly that his friend, a young man of so many excellent qualities, should be so deficient in that one knowledge, the most important to humanity, and he inwardly resolved to try his utmost to reclaim his erring friend.

That this would be an exceedingly difficult task the young man well knew, for the not unclever reasoning of young Esling showed conclusively that the mind of the latter was made up; and impulsive and firm as he was, when once a stand had been taken it would be almost impossible to convince him of the falsity of his own theories.

Still Krouse did not shrink from what he believed to be his duty, and was resolved to make at least one more attempt before he would give up the hope of achieving his purpose.

"You reason apparently well," he said, "but only apparently, for I am sorry to say that all your theories are utterly false. You say that I am too good to lead you astray, and so it is; not that I mean to admit of my being too good, but I may be permitted to say that my friendship for you is too sincere that I could do or say ought in the least calculated to put you in a wrong position. Whatever I may have done, whatever I may hereafter say or do, has been, and will always be, for your own good. You know that; and, therefore, you will not feel hurt when I endeavor to show you the weakness of your reasonings.

"In the first place, then, everything around us shows that we are not mere creatures of the moment, but that we must have been created for some purpose.

"Look at things around you, from the humble plant at your feet to the living animals. Has not everything to fulfill a certain mission? This you admit; but do you mean to say that man is is inferior to any of these things? No! Well, then, man must have to fulfill a mission. But now we know that a great many human beings die before they have had time to attain to the object for which they were evidently created. What then? Is that object never to be attained? Surely it is; and this object being to fit us for a future state, as it cannot be anything else, there certainly must be a hereafter.

"Then we come to the next point of your argument. There you say, we are created by nature, and therefore subject to her laws.

"As far as our body is concerned, we certainly are subject to the so-called laws of nature; but our creation must positively emanate from a higher source.

"Nature is but an agent, and not a creative power. It is, as it were, a vast chemical laboratory, directed and worked by an Almighty hand. Let me illustrate. According to the so-called laws of nature, nothing new is created and nothing perishes. Take our own body, for instance. After the soul has left that tenement, the latter crumbles into dust; this dust mixes with the earth, while part of it, and particularly the blood, is dissolved into vapor, and ascends to the clouds, whence it falls down again as rain.

"By some chemical process, this rain, by uniting with the earth, converts the latter into seeds or grain, after one or the other of these has been brought into contact with it. The seed or grain so produced, or the plants thereof, are eaten, either by man directly, or by an animal. In the latter case, these products are converted into flesh, blood, milk, or butter, all of which substances serve to nourish the human being, and so, in course of time, this body of ours will again be converted into a tenement for another immortal soul.

"And this chemical process, this converting power, we call nature, while the so-called laws of nature are the laws laid down by Him who created this great laboratory.

"But, you ask, whence came man—whence came everything else we see around us?

"And I most emphatically answer: All were created, but by a power far superior to nature, and that power we call our God!

"And now we come to the last part of your argument: What is that power which animates our body, which makes us reasonable beings?

"That our body, although ever so finely organized, cannot live or move by itself, but requires some power outside of itself to animate it, or to set it in motion, is, I think, clearly demonstrated by what I have said before.

"I said—and you have admitted it, as, in fact, every thinking being must admit—that our body is but a lump of clay. But can the mere construction, be it ever so fine and scientifical, of a lump of clay make the latter live or move? Impossible, you say. The mere construction certainly cannot do it; yet the constructor can, and I can easily tell you how. He can insert wheels or any kind of machinery; then he can admit water, steam, or any other motive power, and so he can make that clay move at will. And so it is done with our body, which, in fact, is nothing else but a well-constructed machine.

"But while we make use of steam, or water, or any other agent that may be known to us, the great director of that vast laboratory, nature, has another motive power, which not only has all the virtues of steam, water, &c., but which, at the same time, is possessed of reason; and so, by being brought in contact with our body, makes us so vastly superior to the brute creation.

"And this motive power, my dear friend, we call soul!

"But not only a motive power possessed of reason is our soul, it is also greatly superior to our body, all of whose motions it directs.

"That other power, you said, which makes us the reasonable beings we are, is the brain, which directs all our movements. But does not our brain, like all the other parts of our body, also consist of clay? Or should that portion of clay be superior to the rest? No, sir! Clay is clay, and form out of it what you will, it remains the same inanimate substance. Yet, nevertheless, it is true that the brain is the seat of reason. In every well-constructed machine there is one particular place, where the motive power is collected, and whence it emanates to set the different parts of the machine in motion.

"In the human body this place is the head, and more particularly that spot where the brain is located, and therefore this spot, being the seat of the soul, is the seat of reason.

"I said before, that the soul is superior to and controls the body, and this I will endeavor to prove. As long as the soul inhabits the body, the latter lives and moves; but as soon as that motive power leaves, the body dies and its movements cease.

"How could this be so if the brain were the power that directs our motions? In numerous cases when the body had died, the head has been opened, the brain taken out, and subjected to closest scrutiny; yet in a great many instances it has been found perfect, and not in the least affected, while even the nerves or strings which connect it with the other parts of the body have been found to be uninjured. How, then, could the body have died in these instances? Either the body cannot die as long as the brain, and the nerves connecting it with the body remain unaffected, or else that organ cannot be the power which controls and directs our movements.

"But now what I have said of the brain is equally true of every other part of the body, and therefore there must be a power outside of the body which controls it, and I again say, this is the soul.

"Then again we have sometimes heard of presentiment and pro-vision, in the existence of which it is almost impossible to believe. Yet it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that such things do occur. And now, I would ask you, how can you account for that? Not in any natural way, surely; it must be something supernatural, and therefore spiritual. What is the inference? That our body must be inhabited by a spirit, and this spirit is the soul.

"Of sudden shocks, too, that always more or less effect the person afflicted, we now and then hear. If the weight of such a shock is sufficiently heavy, and falls on the brain, this becomes disordered, and the natural consequence is mental derangement; whereas all other parts of the body remain uninjured. If, however, this shock falls directly on the soul, then the entire body becomes affected. This I can best illustrate by relating to you an incident, that I some time ago witnessed in a town in the northern part of Germany, which I had occasion to visit:

"While sitting in the parlor of my hotel one evening, I was introduced to several gentlemen with whom I spent some very pleasant hours. Our conversation had become somewhat animated, when all at once one of my new acquaintances became as pale as death, and showed all the signs of a fearful mental excitement. We all jumped up and hastened to his assistance, but he waved us back, and in startling tones exclaimed:

"'I see my house on fire, and my wife and children in the flames!'

"Hardly had the last word left the man's lips, when a messenger rushed in, and, announcing that the house was burning, and that the lady and two children were missing, corroborated the statement which we had just heard, and which could have been nothing else but a pre-vision, as the house in question was situated near the outskirts of the town, and not to be seen from where we were sitting.

"Never shall I forget the scene which now followed. When he had heard the report of the messenger, that poor afflicted man's soul was completely crushed. There he sat like a ghost, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his limbs became cold and rigid, and I firmly believe that he would not have survived the shock but for a reaction just as sudden and unexpected.

"We were busy endeavoring to restore the unhappy man to consciousness, when the door of our room flew open, and in rushed the wife and children, who had just been rescued from the burning building. Then the man survived, but for weeks he was confined to his bed, and even yet, I hear, he has not entirely recovered, while his hair, before glossy, and black as the raven's wing, has assumed the color of fresh fallen snow.

"The brain, in this instance, remained unaffected, and that, therefore, could not have been the motive power, as little as any other part of the body, for mere clay, as a matter of course, is insensible. What, then, was it? The soul!

"One thing more, and I have done.

"I said before, that according to the so-called laws of nature, nothing new is created and nothing perishes; and if that is true of our body, how much more so should it be of our soul, which is so infinitely superior to the former.

"I believe I have proved to you that there is a hereafter, that there is a God, that we have a soul, and I think that now you will believe with me, that our soul is immortal!"

Albert Esling sat like one entranced. Never before had he heard such truths, yet he was not convinced.

"Henry," he said, "your reasoning is splendid, and I begin to think that your theories are not altogether wrong; but pardon me, if I must say that as yet I cannot entirely share your opinions. What you say about pre-vision, for instance, I cannot understand, while, although I do not doubt that a sudden shock should produce such results as you have described, I cannot believe that either the soul or the brain have anything to do with them.

"Where such results are produced, there must be a diseased organization or an uncommon weakness of the nervous system. But I can never believe that, when the former is healthy, and the latter strong, a mere shock, however sudden and heavy, can cause any lasting impression on the body. Here, for instance, am I, whose organization, I have every reason to believe, is good, while my nerves are as strong as those of any man. If ever my hair should turn white, through any other cause than sickness or old age, I will unhesitatingly subscribe to your theories. But our conversation has given me cause for reflection, and you may rest assured that I shall not forget what you to-day have told me."

The friends then were silent, Krouse saw that it would be useless to say more, for that day at least, and as it now had grown late, the young men quitted the garden to go to their several homes.

* * * * * *

Thirty years have elapsed since the incidents above recorded, and great changes had taken place in the interval. Mr. Esling, Sr., had died and had left his son the sole proprietor of his extensive business. In the excitement, bustle and care usually attending a great mercantile establishment the young man had found no time to think seriously of the conversation which he had had with his friend Krouse, and the latter had soon after with his family removed to the city of Bonn, where now he was at the head of a wealthy banking firm.

My indulgent reader will kindly accompany me into a splendidly furnished saloon in the residence of Mr. Albert Esling, which, as usual with mercantile houses in Germany at that time, was in the same building with the offices and warehouse.

It is a calm winter's evening, and the saloon is splendidly illuminated, while through the open folding-doors a large hall is seen, also magnificently furnished and lighted by numberless chandeliers and candelabra. This hall contains an apparently well selected company of ladies and gentlemen, all exquisitely dressed in the latest fashions, while in one corner of the apartment a choice band discourses sweet music, inviting the younger portion of the assembly to the lively dance. Near the middle of the hall stands a beautiful young lady seemingly about eighteen years old and richly dressed in silk, velvet and brocade. She is Mr. Esling's only daughter, and it is her wedding which has assembled all those handsome women and elegant men. Her hand rests on the arm of her young husband, and the pair are surrounded by their congratulating friends. All that day Mr. Esling's store has been closed, while all the clerks of the house, most of whom live and board with their employer, have been invited to take part in the festivities.

In the afternoon a load of merchandize had arrived from a boat just landed, and the office being closed, the goods had merely been compared with the accompanying bill of lading and then put into the cellar. But in that load there had been two casks branded with skull and cross bones, and marked: Gunpowder. These should have been sent to the magazine outside of the city; but to do this, one of the clerks would have been required to go to the proper authorities for a permit, and then to hunt up one of the carters expressly licensed for that purpose. But the merchant, unwilling to break in upon the enjoyment of his employees, opened the casks to see if the contents were dry and in good order before paying the freight, and then had them conveyed to his own wine vault, where, he was sure, they would remain undisturbed until the next morning, the key, meantime, remaining in his own possession.

We now return to the above-mentioned saloon, where around a small table, laden with tempting viands and glasses filled with the sparkling juice of the grape sit Albert Esling, Henry Krouse, and three other friends. The generous host is just uncorking an old and dusty bottle, which John the trusty servant had that instant brought from the private wine vault, to regale his dear friends with something uncommonly good, and the conversation becomes more animated.—Krouse is speaking of former times, he reminds his friend of that conversation in the shadow of the old elm-tree thirty years ago.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Esling laughs.

"I have not forgotten it, only I have had no time to think about it. But see, my hair is as black as ever, although I have sustained many a sudden and heavy shock. It must be as I said:—

"Sudden shocks may affect unhealthy constitutions and weak nerves; but where the ones are healthy and the others strong they fall harmless."

And so the conversation is continued while time passes on. An hour has gone by in this wise as suddenly the eyes of the merchant become fixed on some particular object. He arises; merciful heaven! how he stares! His eyes threaten to start from their sockets! What can it mean? Fortunately his friends do not perceive it!

He has caught a glimpse of his daughter as she moves among her guests like a young queen.

But what is that other thing at her side? It is a cask—branded with skull and cross-bones, and marked—Gunpowder; and in the midst of this cask there burns a light, the glowing wick hanging low down, every moment threatening to fall.

"John!"—the tones are low and sepulchral.

"John!"—and the old servant appears.

"John, I sent you for a bottle of wine!"

"Yes, sir!"

"What became of your light?"

"In—in—for God's sake, master, do not look at me in that unearthly manner."

"What became of your light?"

"In my hurry I snatched up a loose candle, and when, on reaching the vault, I found that I could not open the closet with the light in my hand, I looked about me for a place where I could put it. I saw a cask, and, as I had accidently removed the cover, I saw that this cask contained black sand. In this sand I stuck my candle a—oh, do not blame me—there I left it!"

Holy Trinity! had a bombshell burst at his feet, Mr. Esling could not have been more terribly affected.

The conversation between master and servant had been apart and out of earshot of any one else, and, therefore, nobody perceived the former's emotion but the latter, to whom the whole affair appeared like some terrible dream.

Telling John in a few brief words to go to his room until called for, the merchant crept down stairs, slowly, and with the utmost caution, lest a sudden draught should cause the candle to flare or detach a spark, he opened the door of the vault, and there, right before him, he beheld the cask with the candle still burning, while the glowing wick hung within two inches of the powder. With wonderful presence of mind Mr. Esling advanced, and stretched out his arms so as to intercept the wick if it should fall. Then he pressed the candle between his open hands and safely removed it.

* * * * * *

Half an hour later John made his appearance in the saloon and informed Mr. Krouse that his master had suddenly been taken ill and retired, at the same time apologizing for the seeming rudeness.

The next morning when Mr. Esling's family, Mr. Krouse, and such of his friends as had passed the remainder of the night beneath his roof were assembled at the breakfast-table in the large hall, the merchant made his appearance.

His face was pale as death, and his hair black and glossy the night before, was as white as fresh fallen snow.

All were thunderstruck, and exclamations of wonder and awe rose to their lips. But Esling, raising the forefinger of his right hand, commanded silence. Then he told his fearful story, and, taking Henry Krouse's hand, he concluded:

"Thirty years ago, my friend here and I had a conversation. Then I did not understand him; but now I am convinced—Yes, there is a God, we have an immortal soul, and there is an Hereafter."

Leathern Artillery.

The field-pieces of former ages were machines of iron or brass, immensely cumbrous, and almost unmanageable. The problem to be solved was, how to render a gun more portable without lessening its projectile force. After full consideration of the matter, Robert Scott came to the conclusion that there was "nothing like leather." Of hardened leather, therefore, he constructed guns. The correctness of his idea was tested by experiment, and the result was considered to show the immeasurable superiority of leather over brass and iron. Why he did not lay the invention at the feet of his own liege sovereign it is needless to inquire. Perhaps he did so, and was snubbed for his pains, as other inventors have been since his time. At all events, he raised a company of two hundred men, and went over to Sweden, where he was welcomed by Gustavus Adolphus, who, seeing his ability and the value of his discovery, forthwith took him into his service, and at the end of two years rewarded him with an office of quartermaster-general of the army.

After five years service under Gustavus, he repaired to Denmark, where he was appointed general of the King's Artillery; but soon afterwards yielding to the advice of friends, he returned to England, and tendered his services to his own sovereign, King Charles I. This step, which was taken in 1729, turned out a very profitable one for the colonel. He was received with open arms by Charles, who appointed him one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, granted him an annual pension of £600 out of the Court of Wards, and purchased for him a house in Lambeth at a cost of £1,000. Colonel Scott, however, did not live long to enjoy these tokens of the royal favor; for dying in 1731, he was buried in Lambeth church, where a sumptuous monument, still to be seen, was erected to his memory by his loving wife Anne, whom he married in France. The sculptor has represented the colonel as an armor-clad, fierce-looking man, wearing a heavy moustache and pointed beard.

In the very year of the colonel's death, Gustavus Adolphus had an ample proof of the effectiveness and utility of the leathern artillery, at the memorable battle of Leipsic. The guns were found to be so portable that a small battery could easily be removed from one part of the field to another, or a new battery was made in the space of ten minutes; and when a fresh attack was about to be made on the part of the enemy, a battery was immediately at hand to repel it. In fact, it was in great measure owing to the invention of Col. Scott that the Swedish King obtained so glorious a victory; and the imperial General Tilly himself was constrained to admit that the portable cannon performed wonders. How it came about that the leathern ordnance was shortly afterwards laid aside as worthless, is difficult to explain, or even to conjecture; but it is not recorded to have made any subsequent appearance on the battle-field, though a leathern cannon was fired in Edinburgh so late as the year 1788—probably out of curiosity.—*All the Year Round.*

☞ Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.

☞ The Marquis of Bute will have about two millions of ready money on his coming of age. He is in his 17th year. "Booty and beauty" for some smart girl to secure.

THE REASON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LIZZIE MATTIERS.

"Ah, I hate to go for water,
It is so far to the spring;
How I wish that some good fairy
Would the water bring."

So sighed Lucy as she loitered
By the little grass-grown road,
That wand'ring 'mong the summer clover,
Stayed where the brooklet flowed.

That was in the early June days,
When the roses were in bloom;
Now the grim November clouds
Shroud the sky in gloom.

Yet Lucy singing blithely goes
To the spring for water;
And her mother to her gossip says,
"Mine is a good daughter."

I have found there are reasons good
For most things that be:
But what can ail the little one
That she acts so funnily.

Thuff spectacles on head I pondered
Yestern at the garden gate;
"I thought you were not coming, love—
Why are you so late?"

"What's this? Me late? Coming? Where?"
"Your pardon, madam, I pray."
(Ah, yes, yes, here's my reason come,
Bidding me good day.)

"My pardon? Take it and welcome;
Here! Lucy, go for water;"
Ah, well may Lu's fond mother say,
"Mine is a good daughter."

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THEO.

Down on the sea-board of the county of Norfolk, England, on the verge of a long waste of marshland that intervenes between it and the German Ocean, there stands a little village, Houghton by name, semi-agricultural and semi-aquatic by nature.

A hardy little village, as it befits one of such purely Scandinavian traditions to be, scorning to shelter itself from the large fierce winds that blow across to it from the hardier north, or from the chilling blasts that whistle shrewishly along from the east. A hardy, enduring village, bravely patient of the blasts, and as bravely opposed to the mastery of the sea, whose encroachments it has checked with a deftly constructed bank of most impervious mud; an artistic village, whose fields are tilled and pasture lands are cultivated into the semblance of the fairest mosaic; an independent village, that sends its own smacks out to "oyster-sea," and panders unassisted to the bivalve loves of its inhabitants; a gallant little village, that guards its own portion of the coast from those ruthless rascals the smugglers, by aid of a naval officer in command of six able-bodied seamen; a little village, that is so superb in its appearance of utter remoteness from and indifference to all that goes on beyond its own confines—that revolves on its own axis so quietly year after year, suffering the world and all its business to roll on without the let and hindrance of question—that cares so little whether armies are decimated and countries devastated for an idea—that prays for the queen's ministers, but does not care very much to what party they belong—that is altogether so absorbed in and satisfied with itself, that it is hard to believe that it is only "eight hours (usual speed) from London."

The house in Houghton that stands nearest to, and commands the best view of the sea, is, though one of the only three good houses in the village, known by no name. To strangers, the very few who enter, it is pointed out as the "chief officers," or the "lieutenant's" house; to the inhabitants it is familiar as "The Leighs's."

It is not particularly interesting from an architectural or artistic point of view, for it is simply a square stone building, with straight sash windows in front—a shiny, sloping slated roof, and an entrance door planted with severe exactitude in the centre. But to the casual passer-by it has an importance by means of adventitious aids. For instance, towering above its shiny slated roof there is a "look-out" of white-painted woodwork, which stands out well from the blue tiles; patrolling outside the gate there is always a coastguard-man, in the naval uniform, with a big "Dollond" under his arm, and a hand that is prompt with the graceful salute of the service to any one who may address him.

It is a sweet old farce to me, this guarding the coast from nothing. Though we are now at peace with every possible invader, and free trade is in the ascendant, still, I trust the play that gives a remunerative "part" to so many will never be played out. There is monotony, it is true, in the work that falls to the lot of both officers and men. It is tedious to serve your country by writing down every change in the wind and weather daily from year to year; monotony in boarding well-meaning vessels in which nothing is ever found, and in perpetually patrolling with a spy-glass under your arm. But still it is not laborious monotony.

Down this lane, one fine April day, a man walked, and the knot of loungers at the top of the lane, who assembled themselves together in the sun on the beach outside the Leighs's garden wall, forthwith fell to wondering curiously who he might be, and what he might be about to do, for he was no Houghton man.

"He's not a friend of the squire's, for he put up at the Bull last night when he come," one of the women said; "he'd a' been sure to be at the house if the squire knew anything of him."

"And he ain't no friend of Mr. Leigh's," the watchman whom the woman specially addressed replied; "for Mr. Leigh, he come out just now, and he says, says he, 'Roberts, says he, 'have late p——,' he says, 'any one go down that there way,' says he, 'any stranger,' he says; 'for,' says, 'who, stranger there is at the Bull,' he ing the beach?' which prove," Roberts draw up with triumphant "that our master knew nothing about him."

"Nights ain't fine enough to draw for much good, are they?" the woman asked, for the words "drawing the beach," at Houghton meant dragging the same with nets to which a horse was attached, by which means mighty draughts of fish were occasionally caught.

"Might be better and might be worse," Roberts replied screwing up one eye and looking out of the corner of the other away to the horizon through the glass.

"Well," the woman said sharply, "I only know what my man says, and he knows more about it than all the lot of you put together." She was a fine, smart-looking woman, with a brisk voice and a clear eye, and a neat figure. Roberts seemed struck with her statement, and gazed at her with a vague eye of wonder.

"All the gentry have come to my Bob when they want to know anything of that kind," Mrs. Barton went on, with a bright laugh; if that gentleman is wanting to draw the beach, I shall know more about him before the day's over, for he'll have to come to Bob."

Then Mrs. Barton collected her troop of children around her, and prepared to depart while the wound her last arrow had made was still quivering. It was quite true, this vaunt that she had made, and the truth of it awakened the seldom sleeping jealousy the rest of the crew of the coastguard station felt for Bob Barton, whose knowledge of wild-duck shooting and fishing gained him much popularity, and something more tangible still, from what his wife denominated the sporting gentry round.

But before she could execute her purpose and depart, she was arrested by the slamming of the gate round the corner, the gate of the Leighs's garden, and the next moment Lieutenant Leigh himself, with a young lady hanging on his arm, came in sight.

He was a fine old sailor, erect and vigorous, but neither rugged nor weather-beaten, as it is the fashion to depict naval officers of a by-gone day. A man who had not been handsome in youth, the friends who knew him in it asserted, but who was a most stately and dignified gentleman now that he was old. As thorough a sailor, as good an officer, as dashing and gallant a man as ever stepped the quarter-deck; but one who never related his own feats of dashing gallantry—who never swore or used sea-slang—who had known little of the sweet rewards of merit, and who was only a lieutenant now at sixty, and Theo Leigh's father.

The young lady who leant upon his arm, and whose appearance (for was she not the idol of the "crew?") arrested Roberts's eloquence and Mrs. Barton's departure, was Theo herself.

Theo had been a pet amongst her father's crew for so long! just nineteen years had she lived in the world, and amongst themselves they called her "little Miss" still, that bright young lady, in whose woman's form a woman's heart beat strongly! And she knew, and cherished and nourished this feeling that the rough sailors and their warm-hearted spouses had for her, and, thoughtless girl as she was, prayed God that, let her be what she might, they might never know or name her as other than "little Miss" and "our Miss Theo."

What was she like, this girl, who, to the slow music of the slamming of a gate, came round the corner into my story? She was charming! that was all. How can another woman hope to make clear why she was so? She was charming, with none of the bright, blonde, beautiful charm of the North, but with a darker witchery, with a duskier hue—with the deeper, more dangerous, more intense fire of the sleepy, languid, passion-fraught South.

Pick her to pieces, anatomize her thoroughly, and she lacked beauty. But who, in the old day when I knew her first, would have picked to pieces that glowing, brilliant, girlish face, or anatomised thoroughly that well-rounded figure, that expressed health in every one of its movements? Who could have done it then? The rounded cheek is fallen now, and the bright, merry eye faded from the light of yore, and Theo is a sylph no longer! But she is Theo still, with the old charm about her that no man (or woman either, for that matter,) could resist for long.

For my heroine was not one of those adorable creatures whom women persecute. Many women liked her very much indeed. Saw her faults, and censured them maybe, but liked the girl, their committer, despite them all. She was liked, she was popular, she was thought well of, God knows for what. She was sorely ill-used and sorely tried, God knows why.

But on this day, when I show her to you first, the love and popularity and good thinkings of had alone been hers; the trials were "nowhere," in turf parlance; and Theo Leigh was very bright and fresh indeed; as bright and fresh as the spring costume she wore.

I will paint her portrait for you, with no background and no accessories. My heart knows her well, my hand will limn her forth quickly. I will brighten the high lights and deepen the shadows in yet unwritten pages; but the likeness of the girl can be put before you in a paragraph or two.

No fairy, yet rather small; no sylph, yet rather slight. Cleanly made as to the head and limbs, in fact, which always adds to the look of "breed," while it detracts from the appearance of size. With an oval, dark, glowing face, and gray, glowing eyes, and a profusion of wavy hair that was half curl and half disorder, hanging in richly brown masses from underneath her turban hat. On the round of each of these tangled curls of hers there was a ruddy tinge when the sun fell on it, and in the dark, glowing face not one feature, save the mouth, was perfect. Her eyes were very deeply gray, and very full of feeling, of fire, of thought, of the wildest merriment, of the weirdest melancholy. Very full indeed of whatever the girl herself felt at the moment; brilliantly intelligent, beautifully expressive and sympathetic; but not the large gazelle eyes that should be a woman's portion. They did not look off to the right and left like a hart's or a sheep's; they glanced out thrillingly at you from very close to her nose on either side. But for all that propinquity and thrill they were not the least bit shrewish or vixenish eyes. I love and admire those shy and gazelle orbs very much indeed; but I never felt that Theo Leigh's could have been more beautiful than they were.

Do you remember, reader, what Lancelot says when Elaine, victim to unrequited love for him, floats by the palace—dead?

Ah sweet face has a lovely face;
God in His mercy send her grace,

prays the man who has destroyed her. A similar feeling found utterance in other words when the stranger whose progress down the lane was commented upon while ago caught the first glimpse of Theo Leigh.

"I think I should like to have the boat today, papa," Theo said, after a minute's conversation with Mrs. Barton, during which that good woman had given a resume of the conjectures which had been formed and to which utterance had been given respecting the stranger.

"The tide won't serve till it will be too late for you to be on the water," her father replied. Theo thereat looked slightly disappointed. Her young heart was always very warmly set on having the boat when circumstances over which no one had any control forbade the boat being available.

"I believe there's water enough in the creek for the little boat, papa. I'll go down the lane and see; and if there is, Barton wouldn't just mind pulling me over, would he?" she continued, addressing Barton's wife, who immediately assured her that "Bob would with all the pleasure in life, if so be he could be spared."

Theo released her father's arm now, and sauntered away down the before-mentioned lane. Sauntered slowly, as one is apt to do when the young spring leaves are bathed in bright April sunshine: sunshine that is warm, soft, and tenderly bright as the touch of a maiden's lips, or the first love-light in her eyes. There was something deliciously sympathetic in the atmosphere, in the sunshine, in the hum of recently-born insects, in the fragrance of re-awakening nature, to Theo. She sauntered slowly along down to the marsh-bank that was covered with rushes; and in the beauty of the day, and the contemplation of the dazzling light the sun threw upon the waters, she forgot her purpose, and was utterly regardless of the state of the creek.

The winter had been an iron-bound one, the earliest spring had been one shrill whistling blast from the east. The memory of these things made this sudden summer heat, which had endured now for four or five days, doubly delightful through the mighty power of contrast. Theo enjoyed warmth—the warmth of the sun, not that of a fire. She expanded under its influence, its fervor went into her soul, and lapped it to a slumber in which the sweetest dreams were hers. She thoroughly revelled in doing nothing but think—scarcely that, but feel. The girl did not lack energy, but she lacked that peculiar form of it which expresses itself in bustling activity. She had not been stirred into action yet—for life had gone very easily with Miss Theo Leigh—and her appreciation of the *dolce far niente* was too perfect to be agreeable to her friends. It may be that as the elder daughter of a large family Theo would have been undesirable. But she was not the elder daughter of a large family, happily for herself. She was the sole child of the house and heart of her father, and he saw no wrong in aught that Theo did.

She placed herself on the sunny side of the bank of rushes—the side on which she was sheltered from even the light breeze that was up—and thought of what life must be in the lands where the sun always shone, and the sky was always blue. Of Greece, which she knew by heart, she thought, from Byron's fervid and her father's graphic description; where the cypress and myrtle wafted their odors over, and the dove and the vulture cooed forth their approbation of that struggle for liberty which terminated well for Greece, and better for Lord Cochrane than anybody who served under him; of Italy—very much of Italy—for she loved art and olives, and longed for a sight of blue-ridged mountains, and brigands, and all the other things the South could alone show her. In fact she dreamed a tour that should last for ever, and found the travelling most rarely sweet.

The dream was dissolved suddenly, but not unpleasantly. A step close behind her, a voice at her elbow, a low, soft, deep voice, monotonous even in its sweetness to some ears, the soul of melody to hers, saying:

"Pardon me for disturbing you, but is there a possibility of threading the maze of these creeks and gaining the beach?"

The sound cut short the dream, the old familiar dream, that Theo had dreamt so often, and she woke to life with a bound, but not to the life she had known before, no, never again to that old peaceful existence.

"The beach can only be gained by a boat, unless you had mud boots on, and didn't mind walking three or four miles to reach the only point where it is safe to cross the channel," she said, rising to her feet as she spoke.

Then as she stood before him speaking, despite the suddenness of his address, despite the surprise she could but feel, with the self-possession and kindly courtesy of a gentlewoman, he thought that which resembled Lancelot's apostrophe to poor Elaine:

"She has a sweet, bright face; I hope it will never be clouded."

She had dreamt of other things in her life besides classic Greece and art-fraught Italy. She had pictured many a hero, built them up as it were from those who were her favorites in romance, and they were all of the cavalier type. Leicester she had loved, though that was a black business, Theo acknowledged, about Amy Robsart. But about six months since she had stayed at an old grange in Warwickshire whose walls were covered with Vandycks, and there the grace of Buckingham had made every other kind of masculine beauty seem dull, tame, and unprofitable to her, and Leicester was less well-loved than of yore.

Now before her stood a man who, though he wore a coat of Poole's and a hat of Andre's, might have walked forth from the canvas Vandyck had covered. No velvet tunic, no clanking sword were needed to further the illusion. All the Stuart grace was his, and thrice the Stuart beauty. He was the embodiment of that ideal which the portrait of Buckingham had first faintly realized.

This man who dissipated Theo's earliest dreams was no beardless Apollo on whom the golden glory of youth still hung enraptured. He was a man of forty or more, this first god of her imagination. Take Walter Scott's nervous trumpet-like lines for part of that which must serve for a description of him.

On his bold visage Middle-age
Had slightly set his signet sage,
But had not quenched the ardent truth
And fiery vehemence of youth.

Aye! it was this last that took her! That lived still in the man's deep steel-blue, black-fringed eyes, that was more to a woman than the laughing light of youth. There was that in the contrast between his unstudied address, his steady, deep tones, and the wonderful earnestness of his eyes, that thrilled Theo almost before she was conscious of its existence. She took in all: his age, his well-made clothes, the air of high breeding that there was about him, the perfect beauty of his face and its rarely-refined expression, an expression in which hauteur habitually had a share, but there was no hauteur in the eyes that were bent on Theo; she took in all these things in the one glance she gave him as she quietly answered his question. Then, when she had answered it, he removed his hat from the head on which dark curling locks still clustered thickly, and stood bare-headed before her—a dignified, handsome gentleman, truly: the very type of some old cavalier family.

"You must allow me to profit by the information you have afforded me," he said, with a certain subdued eagerness in his voice, to which it was rarely pleasant to listen. "I have been hoping for a fair opportunity of introducing myself to Mr. Leigh; on your authority I shall tell him now that the beach is not to be gained save in one of his boats."

"I will introduce you to papa. I am Mr. Leigh's daughter," Theo said animatedly; and then she blushed a little, and laughed a little, and added: "At least, I will tell him your strait—your name I do not know; but I'll introduce your difficulty to him, and he will place a boat at your service, I am sure, as soon as ever there is water enough in the creek."

"Perhaps my name may be familiar to him," the stranger said, handing Theo a card on which was engraved "Mr. Harold Ffrench." "We were in Greece together, but as I was but an amateur, your father very possibly never heard of me, or if he did, has forgotten me."

"In Greece with papa!" Theo exclaimed. "Did you serve with him? Did you serve under Lord Cochrane? How could you come to Houghton, and know that papa was here, and not give him the great pleasure of seeing an old comrade at once?"

"I may not lay claim to that distinction, Miss Leigh."

Mr. Ffrench conveyed a most delicate compliment to the daughter by that allusion to the sire. Theo kindled to it, kindled vividly, but that perhaps she would have done to anything else uttered by that voice, and rendered doubly eloquent by those eyes.

"I may not lay claim to that distinction, Miss Leigh. I know your father, certainly, knew him well, as did every one else who was concerned for the liberty of Greece, and interested in the organization of her navy; but I was, as I tell you, an amateur, and my very name may have escaped your father's memory. Have you ever heard him mention it?"

"Never. Did you know the Maid of Athens and Mr. Black?"

"Wasn't Black her husband?"

"Yes. Did you know them?"

"I did not, but I remember hearing your father's name in connection with them. He had them on board his frigate, hadn't he?"

"Yes," Theo replied. They were walking up the lane now, but though she was anxious to bring this stranger face to face with her father, she found it very pleasant to be walking and talking with him alone—walking through the old familiar places which she had known from a child, and talking on that scarcely less familiar theme of which her father never tired.

"Yes, he had them on board the ——, I forget his ship's name, and he was god-father to their eldest son. She was fat when papa knew her; a good deal of her beauty was gone; but still, do you know, I think there must have been a touch of romance in knowing *her*, Byron's maid of Athens, at all."

"I think, perhaps, the romance would have stood a better chance of being unimpaired if he—your father, I mean—hadn't known her fat, and no longer young. There were many romantic affairs that sprang out of that song, Miss Leigh. Byron was not the only Englishman who fancied some roe-eyed Greek to be his life and soul for a time."

Then Mr. Ffrench looked down at the bright young girl who walked by his side, glancing up at him occasionally with frank, admiring gaze, and as he looked at her his deep blue eyes grew strangely tender, and he thought, "I hope to God her father has *not* forgotten me."

Bear this recorded aspiration in mind when that which is to follow is recounted. He did devoutly hope that himself and the story of his life might be once known, even if now partially forgotten things, by the father of this girl who had won upon him already, brief as had been their intercourse, by the undefinable charm of a most profound sympathy. Through all the length of that lane which led from the rush covered marsh-bank up to the garden-wall where Mr. Leigh still stood, Harold Ffrench hoped it devoutly. When the gate was gained, and Theo Leigh introduced him eagerly to her father, before the latter had time to express astonishment at the sight of his daughter on these friendly terms with a stranger, that hope died out and another sprang into being. For in answer to Theo's "Papa, this gentleman was looking for a way over to the beach; he is Mr. Ffrench, and he remembers you in Greece," in answer to this there came no light of recognition into the old officer's eyes.

"I am heartily glad to renew the acquaintance," he said courteously. "Your name and face have escaped my memory. I am getting an old man, you see. Walk in, Mr. Ffrench; you are most cordially welcome."

As Mr. French took the other's offered hand, he saw that if ever known he was now entirely forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRUIT OF THE SUN.

It was only natural that the Houghton Bull should see little of Mr. Ffrench after this. Though personally unknown to Theo's father, he still was thoroughly *au fait* with all that had happened in Greece in '28 and the two following years. "I was just of age when I went to Athens," he said in the course of conversation with Mr. Leigh, "and the first use I made of my nominally perfect liberty was to be off to the seat of the struggle, for everybody was talking about it just then." When he said that, Theo did a sum on the instant, and the year of my story's opening being that of the first Great Exhibition, arrived at the decision that Mr. Ffrench was forty-four! almost an old man in Theo's estimation. She sighed to think of it.

But soon—before he had been with them an hour—she ceased to think it a matter for sighing. He charmed them all round, and fairly won the welcome that had been so frankly offered. Mrs. Leigh asked him to stay and dine with them—asked him with such an evident desire that he should accept the invitation, that Theo felt at once that her mamma was carried as quickly and successfully as she herself had been. Her father too was palpably inclining most kindly to one who listened with understanding to his time-honored stories.

"Besides, he hasn't the look and manners of a middle-aged man," thought the girl, as she looked at the slight and graceful figure, and the proudly-carried handsome head of this delightful guest. The time-honored stories, from which, truth to tell, Theo generally fled, gained a new interest now that they were listened to in his company. She threw herself rashly into the conversation, and fired off a brisk volley of questions, some of which struck her papa as being slightly irrelevant. Her papa, in fact, desired to dwell principally on the naval and political aspects of Greece; Theo wanted to hear something about those other romances to which Mr. Ffrench had alluded.

At length they quitted the past and came down to the present.

"What finally fixed you in this out-of-the-way place after such a career?" Mr. Ffrench asked of his host.

"Want of interest to get anything better than a coastguard station, and the necessity to take the first thing that offered, no matter how poor that thing was. I was struck off the list for some years in consequence of that Greek affair, and when I was reinstated, I was given to understand that promotion was over for me," Mr. Leigh answered.

"That was a bad look-out."

"A bad look-out!—it was a blackguard look-out!" Mr. Leigh cried; he could not endure to hear gentle mention made of his grievances and ill treatment at the hands of the Government; they had been many and very hard to bear, and lenient allusion to them was disgusting to him.

"What was the reason assigned for striking you off the list?" the visitor asked politely. He had been looking at and thinking of Theo when her father spoke before. His words, "that was a bad look-out" referred to something vastly different to the old sailor's wrongs. But now he recalled his attention and his eyes from Theo to her father—for he was a well-bred gentleman, and he saw that he was expected to do so.

"The reason—a cursedly unfair one, by-the-by—was that I, being on half-pay, unable to find employment under my own flag, did what any other young fellow would have done, went off and served without leave under a foreign one. That was their only reason, sir—and though they've reinstated me, I have never been able to get my arrears of half-pay from them up to this day! You'd scarcely credit it, but such is the fact; they've robbed me of it, and as yet I have found no redress;" and as Mr. Leigh brought the recital of his wrongs to a conclusion, he gave the table a thump in his excitement, and to Theo's delight some of the same enthusiasm appeared to fire the guest.

"Why don't your memorialize?" Mr. Ffrench said warmly; "it is, as you say, scarcely credible that such a punishment should be awarded for such a venal offence against regulation: why don't you memorialize?"

"I have done so."

"Yes, that papa has," Theo cried; "I can testify to that, for I have often had to copy your petitions—and I hate their endings, 'and your memorialist will ever pray;' it seems so abject. I'd rather let them keep the arrears of half-pay, the mean things! than humbly pray for them to give it to me."

Theo had not been lapped in luxury all her life, certainly, but still it was evident enough that she had never known the want of money or aught that money could produce. "Had she done so, the stereotyped prayer to those in power would not have gone so palpably against the grain.

Strictly speaking, there was very little to amuse the stranger guest in that country household. They could not gild the present by offering him the run of their stables in the hunting-season, or the freedom of so many acres in September. He was a middle-aged man, accustomed to club-life in London, and they had neither a French cook nor choice wines. He was a gentleman who though never bored or weary when alone, was very apt to become horribly bored in the society of others; and yet the prosy stories of the old naval officer, and Theo's naive comments on the same, were heard by him with a fresher interest than he had accorded to anything for longer than he cared to remember. He had not counted on experiencing this phase of feeling when he entered Houghton idly the day before.

At last—not long before he left them for the night—it occurred to them to ask what had brought him to their remote little village—a stranger, with no apparent call there at all. It was not the right time of year for sport of any kind, and for what other end did men ever come to Houghton?

"I came for the purpose of resting for a day from the society of some very kind friends of mine who are living at a lovely place about twenty miles from this—that was the real reason of my coming here; my nominal one was that I wanted to take a sketch of a headland that they call 'The Point,' that will come in well in a picture I'm about."

"Oh! it was that kind of drawing the beach, then—not what you thought, papa, when you said, 'what folly, at this season.' Do you paint, Mr. Ffrench, in oils?"

"Yes," he told Theo, he did "a little in that way."

"Have you the picture with you at the Bull?"

"Oh, no; would you like to see it?" he asked with a softened inflection of the monotonously sweet voice that was very perceptible to the acute ear of the girl whom he addressed.

"Very much indeed," she replied, with the hearty interest which, though unseen, unknown, we all—the most indifferent among us, as well as those who yearn for appreciation—delight in seeing expressed about our works. "Very much indeed; do you mind telling me what it is, as I can't see it?"

"But you can see it, and you shall see it, if you will do me so much honor. I have it over at the Grange—that's vague, for every third place in Norfolk seems to be called the Grange; the place I mean is Haversham Grange; I am staying there with a cousin of mine; if you will go over, Mrs. Gal[illegible] will be delighted to see you, and do the hono[illegible] eyes [illegible] and her own."

"Her own! is she your cousin? does she paint?"

"She is my cousin, and she *is* obliging enough to think my picture worthy of a copy, which she is making with admirable intentions."

"What is the picture?" Theo asked.

"A description such as I can give will not convey the slightest idea of it to your mind: there is a bay, and a boat in it pulling round a headland, which partially conceals a little frigate, that is all; it doesn't sound interesting, does it?"

"What is in the boat?" Theo questioned.

"Three men and a woman," Mr. Ffrench replied, rising as he spoke. "And now," he continued, "having given you such a barren account of it, my self-esteem compels me to try

and win your promise to go to Haversham and look at my picture."

Then Theo, though she shook her head in a faintly negative manner, gave the promise with her gray eyes; and the guest departed, glad that she had done so.

"Why not?" he asked himself. Why should he not be glad that a fresh, pretty, intelligent girl, young enough to be his daughter, desired to see a work of art—a work of his? There was no reason against it. Nothing to render such a consummation undesirable. He was a time-hardened man of the world, who had outlived all feeling such as might be detrimental to Theo's peace. He had all his life experienced a certain pleasure in doing a kind action which he had not to go out of his path to accomplish. It would be doing a kind action to introduce this Miss Leigh, who seemed to have but a dull life of it, to a woman who could render that life much more lively, if it so pleased her, even at twenty miles' distance.

"And it will please Kate, to please me," he said with a laugh in his eyes. "So why not do it for the little girl?"

He sat down in the little parlor of the Bull Tavern and wrote a letter, over the composition of which he labored more than one would have imagined so cool-mannered, so easy-going a man, would have done. With his look of hauteur, with that air of condensed pride and suppressed passion in his face he was not the kind of man one would have accused of halting over a form of address to any mortal, or choosing his words and phrases with thought and labor.

But it was written at last, written and directed to "Mrs. Galton, Haversham Grange, Haversham, Norfolk." After that Mr. Ffrench went to bed in a low-pitched room, and dreamt that he was in a boat that was being pulled round a headland by two long-dead friends of his. In his arms a woman was lying, and she wore the Greek costume, and her face was the face of Theo Leigh. This mingling of the real and the ideal discomposed him sorely in his sleep, and finally caused him to wake with a start and a curse. After remaining intensely wide awake for a time, he got up and destroyed that letter which he had written with so much care and thought, and resolved to leave Houghton to-morrow.

But with the dawning of that morrow came the death of the resolution. The bright clear April air, the appetite which it engendered, the difficulty of finding in broad daylight a reason why he should do so, and above all the habit he had of always doing as he wished, decided him upon remaining yet another day in the village to which he had drifted aimlessly, the village that had shown him that which he had never thought to look upon again—something that had the power to stir him.

He may readily be forgiven for not remaining at the Bull long after breakfast. He stayed just long enough to write another letter to Mrs. Galton, and this time he wrote it in haste and gave no pains to its composition. Then, when he had given the epistle into the hands of a trusty-looking idler, who made many promises as to its rapid delivery at the post-office, he walked up to the Leighs', for the sake of borrowing the Dolland and going upon the look-out.

Had Theo expected him? He almost longed to ask her, there was so full an assurance of what her answer would be in the vivid brightness of her face when he appeared. It was the flush of blissful realization more than gratified surprise. It was such a flush as a woman can flame out upon the man who moves her in very truth alone. Harold Ffrench was a man, nothing more nor less, and he read it aright.

She was far too open a book, this girl of nineteen, for him not to read, and read aright at a glance. It had been the expectation, the hope of seeing him which had robed her this morning with a grace a woman never can attain until the spirit of love bestows it upon her. There was a seductive softness about the folds of the muslin boddice this day that could come only from the softened touch of the hand that had learnt to tremble at a heart thrill, a very tenderness of treatment about the flow of the skirt that could only be the result of that visual accuracy which is solely her portion who would adorn still more what may perchance seem beautiful already in the eyes of him who is now the world to her. There was all this, and Harold Ffrench saw that there was all this, and still more besides. For on the face of Theo Leigh there had come a light which was a revelation to him of the heart that dwelt in the girl; and he knew that this light beams only once in a life-time, and then for the man who first thoroughly awakens that heart, and causes it to know that it beats for some other purpose than that of mere existence.

The heroines of old romance were always dressed in white muslin at most incongruous times and seasons. White muslin represented purity, poverty, grace, and guilelessness, and they one and all wore it. But we costume in these days with a more rigorous eye and a more correct taste. We go back to the fashion books of the year in which the events we relate occurred, and so in these minor matters are rarely caught tripping. This confession may weaken the interest of those readers who decline to believe that novels are built up bit by bit, and who elect to favor the supposition that they are struck out of nothing in a white heat of inspiration. But those who care for correctness of detailed will be glad to learn that when we give a full description of the ball-dress of our heroine, we do so on unimpeachable authority.

On this April morning Theo had dressed herself in a muslin that was a muslin of muslins, a very miracle of clearness and fineness. It had a white ground, powdered thickly with black dots that rendered the white ground still clearer and whiter, as does the patch on the cheek of beauty; over and above these black dots there was a violet something [illegible] be a leaf, or a beetle, or a [illegible] kept the designer, and the effect of [illegible] when [illegible] on Theo Leigh, and tied in round her waist and neck and wrists, was something that muslin might well feel proud of itself for attaining.

There had been a little comment at the breakfast-table on this appearance of Theo when she came down that morning so radiant with joy.

"Why, Theo! how's this?" her mother had said; and her father even had looked up proudly at his darling, and remarked, "Hallos, Theo! how fine you are!" To which Theo had replied, "It is so hot, you know, not too hot at all, but quite warm enough to make me take the coolest dress I had into wear." As the coolest dress was likewise uncommonly becoming, who could say aught against the selection, whatever the cause of it?

They kept early hours at Houghton, and Theo had plenty of time to feel remorse, and cry, oh! the folly of it! (as to the muslin) before Mr. Ffrench sauntered up to borrow the "Dolland," and beg a view of the German Ocean from their house-top. When he came remorse and bewailings went by, and Theo gave him that mute vivid welcome of which mention has before been made, right freely, without a distracting thought.

It was a luscious morning, this first summer day that Theo Leigh and Harold Ffrench spent together. What matter the girl being young and the man no longer so? She had the heart of a woman, and he the soul of a connoisseur for whatever was beautiful in nature or art. That summer morning was luscious to them both, the sweetness of it mounted like wine to their brains and soon it was a silent enjoyment of it that they felt as they sat and rested on the bank of marsh rushes after the prolonged stroll, in the course of which her little hand had more than once found a resting-place and support on his arm.

How came she to be out with the stranger alone? It would have been a breach of etiquette had they been in a town, but in that rugged little village to defer to etiquette would have been a profanation. He had asked Theo to go down and look at the rising tide with him, and Theo had gone without a word of objection, and remained there in that open familiar solitude without a particle of fear—a shadow of suspicion.

Nor was there cause for either. The most rigid could have been defied to cast a stone at him for what he had said to, and thought of, this girl as yet. There was no harm done, not a particle that could have been taken hold of, as yet. He had spoken to Theo Leigh of literature, of art, of famous men and foreign places. Theo had listened, and thought it passing sweet, that was all. He had said no word of love, he had refrained from the slightest look of it. Through the whole of that bright spring morning he had remembered his own age and her youth, and some far more insurmountable barrier than either to anything but friendship between them.

But guarded as he was, that sunny morning was very sweet to them both.

It was very pleasant to the girl, whose intercourse alike with men and books had been rather limited, to hear him speak of great names, which were but names to her and nothing more. We had no shilling magazines in those days to keep country people *au courant* with those who give us of their best in monthly parts. Moreover, there were no railway-station libraries, and lieutenants of coastguard stations were not likely to be the possessors of an exhaustless choice of books. Therefore was Theo's reading range a limited one, and her longing for an extension of it proportionately colossal.

But all that she had found to read she had read with understanding. The reading had been desultory and promiscuous, but it had been dear to her, and was consequently well remembered. She was better up in Scott and James, in Bulwer Lytton and Shelley, than Mr. Ffrench himself. She was brimming over with quotations from Shelley, in fact, and some of them in their fiery force fell very strangely from her fresh young mouth. She was wonderfully skilled in the art of separating the moral from the merit, and dwelling entirely upon the latter. From her own frank confession he learnt that she had seen little of the world—nothing of "society," according to his acceptation of the word. Yet her perceptive faculty enabled her to coin from the coarser metal which had been around her tangibly, responses that were golden in the perfection of their propriety to all he said, to all he suggested.

Harold Ffrench found himself talking to Theo as he had never talked to a women before, and yet his intercourse with her sex had been of no restricted order. He had talked about love often, but he had kept what lore was his for the solace of his solitary hours, for the benefit of his few male friends. Never a woman had come into his society or crossed his path before who had been capable or ambitious—which was it?—of making him feel that she was on a mental equality with himself. They had been satisfied with the manner of his words and the languishing of his eyes, and had lightly regarded his matter and language.

But Theo, clever in her very ignorance, pandered to his vanity unsuspectingly. She showed such deep interest in what he said, that the man could not but feel desirous of saying it well. She kindled so brilliantly, that it was well worth his while to strive to make her kindle still more. He had an artist's soul and an artist's eye, and was always on the look-out for studies from nature. Theo was the fairest that fate had thrown in his path for many a long day.

Nature herself had a share in the evil that was eventually wrought. Had April been herself this year, he would have been chilled maybe into prudence. But she was all smiles, all warm dazzling smiles and early fruit-blossoms and premature roses. All things develope more quickly under the sun. The feeling that would have been long in maturing itself in a dull, small room by a fire that would never burn properly by reason of its being suffered to get very low indeed, because it might "come warm in the afternoon,"—the feeling that would have been of slow growth under these circumstances, sprang up speedily in the chequered shade, in the hum of sun-born insects, and the fragrance of sun-born flowers. The day, the hour was enough for the girl. All joy, all that made her know how sweet a thing life was, pervaded her spirit in his presence, and in her ecstasy of bliss she took no heed of what the morrow might bring forth. And ho! Who can tell "what idle dream, what lighter thought, what vanity full dearly bought, joined to her eyes' dark witchcraft," chained him to the village in which Theo Leigh underwent her transformation?

For chained there he was, apparently; he took a sketch of "the Point" the second day of his sojourn at Houghton, and when that was done, there was no good and valid reason why he should have remained there any longer. But still he stayed on yet another day, and yet another, till the days grew into a week, and the week into a fortnight, and at the end of the fortnight he called Miss Leigh "Theo" in a tone that made her love her name.

The cold in clime are cold in blood.

Their [illegible] is scarcely worth the name; will all my readers feel disapprovingly towards my heroine because this love of hers was no time-ripened one, but a thing that flooded her soul like a sun-burst in a moment? I own that it was reprehensible not to put out the light for sweet prudence' sake for awhile, but she did not, she could not. The statement is true, and must stand; at the end of a fortnight Harold Ffrench called Miss Leigh "Theo," and Theo rejoiced in his so calling her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Novel Capillary Invention.

Le Sport, the great literary expositor of the movements of high life, has, in a recent number, a singular history of a novel capillary invention which extends to the canine species. In the Bois de Boulogne a fair exquisite can never be seen without her remarkable lap-dog, and the same sumptuary law demands that the said animal should appear every day with a new and various-colored coat. An individual who, in fifteen years, made a rapid fortune, has discovered the means of giving color to the hairy skins of animals, so that one day a dog has an outward green appearance, the next day blue, another violet, and so on. The health of the animal thus operated upon is by no means injured, but, according to the Sport, his temper is changed and corresponds with his particular hue. Thus, it is asserted, a red dye makes him capricious, a green enlivens him, chocolate tints render him gloomy and sorrowful, whilst blue has the power of exciting him to mischief. It may be remembered that Virgil points out the effects of changing the color of animals by feeding them on particular vegetables. The metamorphosis of the present day is, however, effected by the process of dying and of infusion. The love of finery, it appears, is strongly developed. A little dog, when fresh gilt, becomes haughty, proud, and insolent to his companions, and does not allow strangers to approach him. As his gilding fades away his disdain and pride gradually lessen, and he at length returns to his former moral as well as physical state.

Theatrical Anecdote.

The following conversation is said to have passed between a theatrical manager and an aspirant for Thespian honors. It is quite a good 'un, and rather severe on "stars:"

Manager—What is your pleasure.

Applicant—I want an eng-ga-gement at you-you-your theatre.

Manager—But you stammer.

Applicant—Like Betterton.

Manager—You are very small.

Applicant—Like Kean.

Manager—You speak monotonous.

Applicant—Like Macready.

Manager—And through the nose.

Applicant—Like Booth.

Manager—And you make faces.

Applicant—Like Burton.

Manager—You have badly shaped legs.

Applicant—Like Wallack.

Manager—And brawny arms.

Applicant—Like Forrest.

Manager—And an obese person.

Applicant—Like Blake.

Manager—But you unite the defects of all these artists.

Applicant—Th-th-that's just it. If you eng-ga-gage me, you will need no s-st-tars at all.

☞ Sketch of an Oil Prince.—A letter from a traveller in the new oil regions of Pennsylvania says:—"We were paddled across the creek by an oil prince, aged fifteen, heir to a million, coatless and hatless, and with but one suspender to keep his courage and his trowsers up."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Some 8,000 bbls Flour have been disposed of at $10,75@11,50 for extras, $11,75@12,50 for extra family, the latter for high grade Ohio, $13@13,50 for fancy do. superfine at $9,50@9,75, and low grade extras at $10@10,50 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce and firm, with small sales of the former at $9@9,25 ₩ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $5@5,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Wheat meets with a good demand at fully former rates. Sales 35,000 bushels, in lots, taken for milling, at $2,60@2,65 for Pennsylvania and western reds, the latter for amber; 2,50@2,65 for southern do; and $2,75 to 2,85 for Pennsylvania and Kentucky white. Rye—Sales of 4,000 bushels, mostly at $1,72@1,73 for southern. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bushels at $1,[illegible] for old yellow, $1,23 for white $1,75@1,80 for old and new mixed, and $1,65@1,73 for new, as to condition. Oats—Some 40,000 bushels have been disposed of 90c@92c.

PROVISIONS—The stock is light, and Dressed Hogs are selling at $16 the 100 lbs. Mess Pork—New city packed is offered at $38@40 ₩ bbl, which is a decline. Beef is lower, and ranges at $18@20 for country and city packed mess. Bacon is quiet. Green Meats—Small sales are reported at 20@21c for pickled Hams, and 18½@19c for Shoulders. Lard—Sales are reported at 23½@23¾c; country packed sells at 21@22c. Butter—Sales of packed at 45@55c, the latter for choice Ohio and New York State; roll sells at 45@48c. Cheese is firmer at 18@24c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 40@42c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—There is a better feeling in the market. Sales of 330 bales at $1,27@1,31 for middling quality, cash.

BARK—1st No1 Quercitron is offered at $45. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is held at 70@72c.

COAL—The receipts and stocks are fair, and we quote cargo rates at $8,75@9,50 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firmer; sales reach 700 bags Rio and Laguayra, mostly of the former, at 43@47c, cash and 4 mos.

FEATHERS are dull at 87@90c ₩ lb for Western.

FRUIT—The market is firm; Green Apples selling at $4@6, and Cranberries at $13@17 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit sells at 10 up to 12¾ for Apples. Peaches—50,000 lbs quarters have been sold at 23 up to 25c.

HAY is selling at $28@30 ₩ ton.

HOPS move off at 45@55c for new eastern and western.

IRON—There is very little inquiry for Pig Metal, and the market is quiet at $50@60 ₩ ton for the three numbers of anthracite. Scotch Pig is also dull and nearly nominal at $65@70 ₩ ton. In Bloomsand Boiler Plates we hear of sales of the latter at 9-₩ lb. For Manufactured Iron the demand has improved.

LEAD—A sale of 800 pigs Galena was made at $15,60 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER is unchanged, with further sales of Susquehanna White Pine at $30, and Lehigh Hemlock at $22. White Pine Shingles are worth $25@26 ₩ M.

PLASTER is firmer, and held at $5@5,25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover is in request at $13@14½ ₩ bus. Sales Timothy at $4½@5, and Flaxseed at $3,50@3,55 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, and the market is firm but very quiet. N E Rum sells at $2,15@2,20.

SUGAR—Holders are asking an advance; sales 600 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 19¾@22½c, including Porto Rico at 23c.

TALLOW is more active, and sales are reported at 17½@18c ₩ lb for city rendered.

WOOL—Sales are confined to small lots common to medium fleece at $1@1,10, including some Illinois at 87@90c, and 60,000 lbs tub at $1,10@1,20, chiefly at the latter figure. Yarns are in fair request at $1,65@1,70 ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 3500 Hogs at from $15 to 16,75 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8¾c ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ₩ head.

Cox's Tonic Elixir is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, Samuel C. Hart, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

Gentlemen's Hats.—All the latest styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

BOUNTY,
PRIZE MONEY,
PENSIONS.

We advise persons having such claims against the Government to call on or address E. T. Mathews & Co., No. 809 Walnut S., Philadelphia. No charge unless claim is collected. Correspondence promptly answered.

The Throat.—Families would do well to keep always at home a box of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple but most marvellously efficacious specific for affections of the throat, affording prompt relief in cases of coughs, colds, bronchial troubles, etc. Singers and public speakers will find them also excellent to clear the voice and render articulation wonderfully easy.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best Furs at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Wives, Mothers, and Sisters, whose husbands, sons, and brothers are serving in the army, cannot put into their knapsacks a more necessary or valuable gift than a few boxes of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. They insure health even under the exposures of a soldier's life. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Ladies' and Children's Hats—All styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

☞ Gray Hair Restored to its Original and youthful Color.—Baldness Prevented.

London		Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.
London	No Dye.	Hair Color Restorer.
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London		Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.

It does not require any washing or preparation before or after its use. It creates a perfectly healthy state of the scalp by acting as a stimulant and tonic to the organ necessary to supply coloring matter to the hair, and completely restores them to their original color, vigor and strength. It is entirely different from all other Hair Preparations, and is the only known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dressing Combined.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. dec3-eow

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of Curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. dec3-6teow

Tetter, Itch, Scald Head, all Eruptions.

Dr. Swayne's All-healing Ointment Cures the most obstinate cases, no matter of how long standing. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail. dec3-eow

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furs.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
Charles Oakford & Sons,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oct22-12t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Samuel Marchbum to Miss Caroline Miller, both of this city.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. W. Kenney, D. D., William L. Harmer to Lizzie R. Benner, both of this city.

On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Henry N. Green to Emma A. Cunery, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. William E. Jackson to Miss Louisa, only daughter of the late Albert G. Stevens, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Theodore K. Sailer to Alice M., daughter of Capt. Wm. S. Pine, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Mr. Henry Tharney, in his 54th year.

On the 4th instant, Jesse H. Smith, in his 78th year.

On the 4th instant, Edwin Ripley, late of 6th Pa. Cavalry, aged 34 years.

On the 3d instant, David Jones, in his 72d year.

On the 3d instant, George Kemble, in his 78th year.

On the 3d instant, Albert G. Dewley, in his 29th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. Philip Simon, in his 65th year.

On the 1st instant, George W. Gillingham, in his 68th year.

Eyre & Landell have reduced some expensive GOODS for Christmas Presents of intrinsic value.

Eyre & Landell have opened some splendid melodeon and piano covers for valuable Christmas Gifts.

Eyre & Landell have marked down some magnificent Silks and Expensive Shawls, Scarfs, DeLaines and Prints for Christmas. mar12-1y

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THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

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STRENGTH, VIGOR, AND NEW LIFE

into all parts of the system. Pamphlets free.
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Sold by all Druggists. oct15-3m

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Are You Careful to Put
ONLY THE BEST READING
in the hands of
YOUR CHILDREN?

Do you ever reflect that what your children are reading is silently, but surely, assisting in a very large degree to

MOULD THEIR CHARACTERS,

and give direction to their lives?

Read what the great Benjamin Franklin once said: "Where I see a home well furnished with books and papers, there I see intelligent and well-informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate."

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

TERMS, CASH.

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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A Real Pain Extractor.

It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals

OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,

&c., &c., as if by Magic. Only 25 cents a box. By mail 28 cents extra. Sold by J. P. DINSMORE,
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And by all Druggists. oct15-3m

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A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts.
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Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00. Address P. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

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CANCERS CURED
CANCERS, TUMORS, WENS, SWELLINGS, &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. &c., cured without pain or charge. Address
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This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices!

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"Ora, The Lost Wife, by Bella Z. Spencer, a youthful lady whose husband, Col. Spencer, is fighting his country's battles. This is a story of American society, and though some of the incidents are on the verge of the improbable, and one or two of the characters act like people in a melodrama, the reader cannot fail to be interested in the fiction. Mrs. Spencer writes unexceptionable English, without the slightest straining for effect. The action is partly in the South, but the greater portion is divided between New York and Saratoga; the season life in the latter place, is described with truth and spirit—hollow, foolish life that it is. The trials of the heroine are related in an effective manner, and, upon the whole, if 'Ora' be her first book, Mrs. Spencer may expect, with the care and thought indispensable to such an end, to become popular as a novelist."

From the Phrenological Journal.

"'Ora,' we judge to be the work of a young writer of great talent and bright promise. It will commend itself to the lovers of the better class of fiction, as one of the best books of the day. We like it, while we think the writer capable of better things still, and hope to hear from her again."

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The history of the success of great discoveries affords no parallel to the triumphs over competition and prejudice, accomplished by this powerful yet harmless vegetable agent, which instantaneously changes any obnoxious color of the hair into a black or brown as magnificent as any that Heaven ever bestowed upon the head of man or woman.

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EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE INTERESTS OF ITS STOCKHOLDERS.

No pains have been spared to place it on a genuine and substantial footing. Most valuable and extensive tracts of Oil and Coal lands have been secured IN FEE, and leaseholding PRODUCING INTERESTS in the heart of the Venango County (Pa.) Oil Region. Attention is invited to the following schedule of the Company's property, including FEE SIMPLE TERRITORY, LEASEHOLDS, PRODUCING WELLS and wells in various stages of completion.

No. 1.—30 acres of bottom land in fee, on the Allegheny River, having a water frontage of nearly one mile. New 10-horse power engine and fixtures. Two wells sunk to the depth of 300 feet and already filled with oil. Room for 40 more wells.

No. 2.—320 acres of rich oil land in fee, lying nearly opposite the above, having a mile of water frontage on Prather and Bennett Runs. Well supplied with timber.

No. 3.—Lease interest on the famous "Widow McClintock Farm," Oil Creek. One well down and testing; another just ready to tube; a third just started. Two first-class engines. Tubing, tools, fixtures, team, wagons, &c.

No. 4.—Same interest in lease on the well-known "HAMILTON MCCLINTOCK FARM," Oil Creek. One well now being tested; already yielding 12 barrels daily, and rapidly increasing. Others going down. Two new engines, with fixtures complete.

No. 5.—1-12 of two leases on the CLAPP FARM, near the great Williams and Stanton 100-barrel wells. On this property is "Sherman Well, No. 2," now down 500 feet, Engine, &c., &c. Room for more wells.

No. 6.—1-16 of the fee in 50 ACRES OF COAL LAND, adjoining the Cranberry Coal Company's beds. This property is of the utmost value to our operations, supplying us with coal at all seasons, and when the works of other companies are found to be idle for want of fuel.

From these estates the Trustees are assured of their ability to declare LARGE AND REGULAR MONTHLY DIVIDENDS, and of the speedy appreciation of the shares to a MARKET VALUE FAR ABOVE THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

The INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE sent from New York and Philadelphia, whose favorable report is printed with the prospectus, speak in unlimited terms of the Company's property and prospects.

Books for ORIGINAL SUBSCRIPTIONS will be opened on

WEDNESDAY, December 7th,

at the Offices of the Company, and at the New York, Philadelphia and Boston banking houses named below.

Prospectuses, maps, and detailed information at either subscription office.

The public are assured that, whether for investment or speculation, no better security than these shares can be obtained.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS.

BROADWAY BANK, corner PARK PLACE, New York.

POLHAMUS & JACKSON, 45 EXCHANGE PLACE, New York.

ALBERT H. NICOLAY & CO., 52 WALL St., New York.

CLARKSON & CO., 121 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia.

MELLER, WARD & MOWER, Bankers, Boston. dec17-2t

SHEKINAH PETROLEUM COMPANY.

CAPITAL $1,500,000.

300,000 SHARES, WORKING CAPITAL, $30,000.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $2,50 PER SHARE.

FULL STOCK.

Office No. 432 Walnut Street, 2d Story, Back Room.

The property of the Company consists of the following valuable leases on Oil Creek and Cherry Run, and which are only partially developed;—the production being nearly sixty barrels per day—equal to over one per cent. per month on the capital stock—and is increasing. Also, a tract of 157 acres in fee simple, on Cherry Run, on the most valuable portion of it, sufficient of itself for a company with twice the capital stock. This property was selected for private investment, and not for speculation, and offers inducements seldom met with in the many companies now organizing.

1. MILLER FARM.—This is one-twelfth free on lease, of 11 acres, on which there is one well flowing over 50 barrels per day; also two-twelfths of the oil in said well, making, in all, three-twelfths or one-fourth of the oil free of expense.

2. STEVENSON FARM.—An undivided half part of the Barber farm, containing 40 acres, situate on Oil Creek, adjoining Foster, and about one mile above the Noble Well. This property lies in the vicinity of some of the best Oil territory on the creek, and, if developed, prove immensely valuable. The other undivided half is owned by a company, who are preparing to work the land vigorously, and the product of the Oil this interest will share.

3. BENNINGER FARM.—This is a lease of 3¼ acres, on which is erected a refinery, in full operation, and four wells are being put down. One is complete and ready for testing, another nearly down, and the remainder progressing. It is a remarkable fact, that no well has been sunk on this flat that has failed to produce oil, and within the next sixty days doubtless this interest will pay well.

N. B.—Since the above, information has been received, that one well is down, ready to tube, with a very fine show, and another nearly ready to tube. From them it is not unreasonable to expect at least 50 barrels per day to the interest.

4. BUCHANAN FARM.—This is a lease of 2¼ acres, situate at the mouth of Cherry Run, on which there is one pumping and one flowing well producing to this interest about 40 barrels per day, and increasing. There is room for at least three more wells.

5.—A Farm of 157 acres in fee, on Cherry Run, near Plumer, three-fourths of which is boring territory—being nearly all flat bottom land. On this tract it is the intention of the Company to commence work at once—intending to sink several wells, and offer inducements to responsible parties to lease a portion of it.

It is confidently expected, by a judicious and vigorous prosecution of the several interests, this Company will be able to pay from *one to two per cent. per month*, from the commencement, on the entire capital stock. It is confidently expected the Company will declare a dividend early in January, for this month, from the present production.

Subscriptions can be made through any of the Brokers and Bankers, which will meet prompt attention. 1t

COTTER FARM OIL COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL STOCK $1,000,000.

DIVIDED INTO 200,000 SHARES, AT $5,00 PER SHARE.

Subscription Price for a Limited Number of Shares, $2.50 per Share.

STOCK ISSUED FULL PAID.

$50,000 Cash Appropriated as a Working Capital.

This Company owns OVER FOUR SQUARE MILES OF TERRITORY, in the choicest localities, east and west of the Allegheny River, adjoining Venango county, and has already a valuable producing interest in its saw mill and timber.

Subscription Books are opened, and subscription to the Capital Stock received at the Offices of the Company,

Nos. 23 and 24 WASHINGTON BUILDING, South Third Street, below Walnut.

And at the Office of

PHILIP H. BRICE & CO.,

No. 305 WALNUT STREET.

WM. D. SMITH, Treasurer.

E. J. HARRISON, M. D., Secretary. 1t

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NURSE AND SPY,

the most interesting and exciting book ever published, embracing the adventures of a woman in the Union Army as Nurse, Scout and Spy. Giving a most vivid inner picture of the war. Returned and disabled Officers and Soldiers in want of profitable employment will find it peculiarly adapted to their condition. JONES BROS. & CO., dec10-2t 600 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$125 A MONTH!—WANTED!—SEWING MACHINE AGENTS! Everywhere, to introduce the new *Shaw & Clark Sixteen Dollar Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co. and Bachelder. Salary and expenses, or large commissions allowed. *All* other Machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user *liable*. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE HOOVER & MARSHALL OIL CO.

Office, No. 208 South FOURTH St., below Walnut, back room, first floor.

CAPITAL, $300,000; SHARES, 60,000; PAR VALUE, $10.

The property of this Company is situated on the Allegheny River, and embraced within a distance of about two-and-a-half miles from the town of Franklin, Venango county, Penna., and upon the same side of said river.

It consists of the entire working interest, (which is one-half of the Oil produced,) in a Lease and Oil Well located on the well-known "Hoover Farm," celebrated as among the first and most productive Oil Territories, and known as the "HOOVER & MARSHALL WELL."

The lease is for Ten Rods square with a frontage of a like number of rods upon the River, giving room for two more wells, and has an unexpired term of twenty-seven years. There is also a first-class ten horse Engine, Tubing, Tanks, and everything necessary to carry on successful operations.

The Well (which is a flowing and pumping one) has been in operation for three years, and, carelessly handled, has produced regularly from 100 to 112 bbls. per week (including stoppage), at times *Flowing Eighteen Barrels* per day, yielding for the working interest of the Company about $30,000 annually. The Oil is superior, its lubricating qualities commanding for it $3 to $5 per barrel more than the oil from Oil Creek. This well, rightly handled and actively worked by the celebrated Patent Air Pump, leaves but little doubt of its being restored to its original production—from 40 to 50 barrels per day.

The other property of the Company consists in a valuable river tract of fifty acres in fee simple, adjoining the extreme borough line of Franklin, with a large boring surface facing the river, and also upon the creeks that run through the tract, thereby increasing boring surface, and enhancing greatly its value as oil territory. In addition to this, it has, from its contiguity to the county town of one of the most flourishing and rapidly growing towns of the State, a large surface value.

In the product of the wells of this region, there has ever been a remarkable uniformity, which, with the late valuable discovery of a 70 barrel well on the island opposite the "Hoover Farm," and the discovery of large and valuable producing wells all around the Company's property, (see extract below,) stamps the region as one of the most valuable oil territories. The Franklin *Citizen*, in noticing the new wells recently struck, says:

"One by Dale & Morrow, on October 12, on the Cochrane Farm, two miles below Franklin, which yielded 240 barrels at the first forty-eight hours' pumping, is considered good for 100 barrels. John Lee has also obtained a flowing well, on the Martin Farm, just above the Hoover, and nearly opposite the Cochrane, which flows over 50 barrels per day. Also, Mr. Hubs, who owns a lease on the Smith Farm, who has been pumping 4 barrels per day at 408 feet deep, sunk his well 421 feet, and struck a well giving 40 barrels per day. All these strikes have been within ten days and the prospect of a number more in a short time."

Fifteen thousand shares have been set aside by the Company for the purpose of boring three more wells.

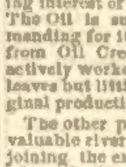
This region, with its oil wells so celebrated for their steadiness and durability, the great numbers of large flowing and pumping wells recently discovered, the superior quality of the oil as a lubricator, and the high prices always so readily obtained, with extraordinary shipping facilities, from the wells being located on the margin of the river, and only two-and-a-half miles from the railroad, unite to offer parties wishing to invest in oil territory safely, inducements of the highest character.

Books for subscription are now open at the office of the Company, No. 208 South FOURTH St., below Walnut.

Only a limited number of shares will be sold at $2 50 per share.

N. B.—Royalties having risen to one-half the oil, the Company expect to realize largely from leasing a portion of their tract held in fee simple.

dec10-3t T. S. PHILIPS, Treasurer.



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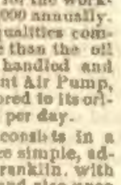

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

DR. TOBIAS'

VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT.

IN PINT BOTTLES, PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

540 MAIN ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

Dr. Tobias: Dear Sir—I have been in the livery business for the last twenty years, and during that time have used all the various liniments and lotions of the day, but never have found an article equal to your Venetian Horse Liniment. I have fairly tested it on my horses in distemper, sprains, cuts, colks, swellings of the legs, &c., as also for rheumatism on myself, and I always found it an invaluable remedy. Respectfully yours, U. LITCHFIELD.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. dec17-2teow

A SINGLE BOX OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS contains more vegetable extractive matter than twenty boxes of any pills in the world besides; fifty-five hundred physicians use them in their practice to the exclusion of other purgatives. The first letter of their value is yet scarcely appreciated. When they are better known sudden death and continued sickness will be of the past. Let those who know them speak right out in their favor. It is a duty which will save life.

Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the colle[illegible]. Below [illegible] quantities, which, when in sufficient [illegible]r and lo[illegible]s, cause [illegible] much danger to the body's healt[illegible]orry C[illegible]loon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of a[illegible] pain in the head, heartburn, pain in the b[illegible]e, sudden faintness and costiveness.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. dec17-2teow

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 12 White St., New York. oct8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Sighting a Trunk.

Old Governor H——— has many laughable stories told of him. I remember seeing him once in a state of mind usually called wrath. The circumstances were as follows:

The Governor, returning home from a tour to the northern part of the state, put up for the night at a hotel in the flourishing and beautiful village of Princeton, situated on the Fox river. The next morning, after arriving at home, he discovered that he had left his trunk at the hotel, twenty miles away. He just then saw one of his neighbors going to Princeton, and in his most pompous style requested him to "call at the hotel and see if there was not a little trunk there belonging to him."

"Yes, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor.

When ready to return, he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk proved to be a large and well filled travelling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble; so, seeing that it was safe at the hotel, he drove home. As he approached the residence of the Governor the latter went out and opened the gate, expecting the trunk would be taken in and left at the door. The farmer told him he was not coming in.

"But," says the Governor, "did you not get my trunk?"

"No, you didn't ask me to get it."

"Did not? What would you call it I asked you?" thundered the exasperated Governor.

"Why, you asked me to *look* and *see* if it was there. I did so, and you will find it safe there any day by just driving over to Princeton. Good day, Governor, good day."

Suffice it to say, the Governor did not ask *that* neighbor to do any more errands for him.

A Considerate Husband.

A lady who had been travelling during the past summer, on her return home wrote to a distant friend an account of her journey, and, among other things, of the following adventure: "I concluded my various exploits by suddenly visiting old Neptune's bed at the bottom of the ocean. Not of my own free-will, however. I was forcibly thrown from the deck of a ship as we were out on a fishing excursion. *As usual*, my good man was after me in a twinkling, and caught me as I appeared on the surface, and, with prompt assistance from the boat, I was fished up again, a sorry-looking specimen of humanity, but all sound and unharmed, though a very narrow escape," &c. And after some more matters, she added: "I am going to leave room for ——— to speak for himself. I think he is able, as he is now fifty years old."

So the husband—"the goodman"—does speak for himself, and adds a P. S., in which, among other things, he says: "Mrs. ——— tells me she has written to you about her being saved from being food for fishes by the subscriber. Well, it may be so, but she had on a great lot of jewelry, which I thought was *worth saving*, particularly as *gold now is pretty high!*"

ANOTHER SHAKE.—Mr. S———, (a very clear man, too, by the way) who lives but a stone's-throw from Camp Curtin was annoyed beyond measure by the depredations of the men, who destroy his fences, appropriate his fruit, etc. A fine large pear-tree, bending under the weight of rich fruit just ripening, stands by a shed near the house. Seeing some soldiers clubbing the tree he drove them off; and, lest they might come again, he at once ordered a force to strip the tree, which was done, and not a pear left upon its branches.

Between eight and nine that eve, while sitting on the porch, he heard the heavy tramp of soldiers approaching, and as they neared the house, a strong voice gave the command, "File left! Halt! Mount the shed! Up the tree, boys!" and some twenty men were soon clambering among its limbs. "Now give her a shake!" rang out the same loud voice; and the old tree underwent such a shaking as it never before experienced. Then there was a lull, and quietly, without command, the demoralized force withdrew, while our friend of the house lustily sang out—

"Give her another shake!"

IRISH PUGNACITY.—Cornelius O'Dowd, in the last Blackwood, tells a story of an Irishman, bound over to keep the peace against all her Majesty's subjects, exclaiming, "then Heaven help the first foreigner I meet."

Punch has a cartoon representing an Irishman who has got the worst of it in a street fight. His better half approaches the vanquished hero, when the following colloquy ensues:

Wife of his Bosom (to Vanquished Hero.)—"Terrance, ye great Umadawn, what (the) at do yer git into this trouble for?"

Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Bosom.)—"D'ye call it trouble, now? why, it's engyement!"

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT.—The commandant of Libby Prison issued a stringent order that Union prisoners must limit their letters to six lines. The following is a specimen:

"My Dear Wife—Yours received—no hope of exchange—send corn starch—want socks—no money—rheumatism in the left shoulder—pickles very good—send sausages—God bless you—kiss the baby—Hail Columbia." "Your devoted husband."

☞ A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which had fallen a rain. The [illegible] on the dery, he lost his footing, and as he [illegible]ng towards the eaves, he exclaim[illegible]ey's, and no as I told you!" Catching, however, [illegible]pette, might spout, he kicked off his shoes [illegible] a place of safety, from which he [illegible]vered himself: "I knowed it; there's a pair of shoes gone to—thunder!"

☞ "Pete, how does your father hamper his sheep to prevent them from jumping over fences?" "Oh! that's easy enough; he just cuts a hole through one hind leg, and sticks the other one through it, and then puts the fore legs through that for a pin."

☞ An Irishman dropped a letter into the Post-office the other day, with the following memorandum on the corner, for the benefit of all indolent Postmasters into whose hands it might fall: "Please hasten the delay of this."

FREDDY (who has an idea the governess is within hearing).—"Nasty, cross old thing."

ISABELLA.—"But we must have charity for her, Freddy. You know she is such an unpleasant age."

Deceiving Children.

I was spending a few days with an intimate friend, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and what then *seemed* to me, one who had so quiet and complete control of her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbor's—it was a small social gathering of friends, therefore she was very desirous of attending; but her child demanded her presence with him, and hearing him *say his prayers* she said:

"Willie, did you not see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did," he replied; "I wish I had her; wasn't she pretty?"

"Yes, *very;* now don't you want me to buy the kitten for you? Perhaps the man will sell her."

"Oh, yes, mother, do buy her."

"Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone." Thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back.

"Don't go till morning, then I can go with you; won't you stay?"

"No, Willie! the man won't sell it if I don't go to-night; so be a good boy."

He said no more, but quietly lay down.

"Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street: "if you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course."

"Injury!" she repeated, "what harm have I done? I did not tell him I *would* see the man—I only asked him if I *should*.

"But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the difference now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late. You have yourself grafted a thorn in the young rose, which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. You cannot break off the thorn, or dub the point, to make it less piercing. On your return he will not see the kitten, therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first."

We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gayer than usual; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all he could to keep awake to see the coveted kitten on her return, wondering what made "mother so long." It was late ere I reminded her we ought to return. But little was said during our homeward walk. She went noiselessly into the room, supposing her boy asleep; but he heard her and said:

"Mother, is that you? Have you brought the kitten; I kept awake to see it, and I was so sleepy!"

"No, my dear; the man would not sell her."

"Why won't he, mother?" he asked with quivering lips.

"I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice."

"Did he say so, mother?"

"He did not say *just* that, but I thought he *meant* so."

"I did want it so bad, mother." The little lips quivered, and the tears started to his eyes. He rubbed them with his little hands, winking very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy cheeks. The mother's glistened also. As she knelt to kiss them away, he murmured softly in his broken slumber, "I did want it so *bad*." She turned her dewy eyes toward me, saying—

"You have led me to see my error. Never will I again, let what will be the consequence, deceive my child to please myself."

Mother, are you practising the same deception? If you are, pause and think of the consequences ere it is too late. Does it not lessen your confidence in a person when you find out they have been deceiving you? Will it not also that of your children in you when they become old enough to detect it. Besides it would be very strange if they themselves did not imitate you in things of more importance.

It is the pride and joy of a mother's heart to gain and retain the entire confidence of her child, and it is in her power to do so if she but exercise that power by precept and example.—*N. Y. Independent.*

☞ A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune gives the following derivation of Admiral Farragut's name:—"*Farra* is a provincial form of the German verb *fahren—fara* or *farra* meaning 'to move upon the water,' or 'to sail.' *Gut*, of course, is pure German, and means 'good.' So Farragut is equivalent to 'one who moves well upon the water,' or 'a good sailor.'"

☞ The Lewistown Journal tells of a case of suicide by a canary bird, which hanged itself with a horse-hair.

Old Dr. Beecher's Idea of Heaven.

Excepting exemption from sin, intense, vigorous, unwiring action is the greatest pleasure of mind. I could hardly wish to enter Heaven did I believe the inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms of Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with Godlike enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Edwards, and Payson, and Evarts, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. My young friends, go on, then; you will never get through.

☞ A society has lately been formed in Bordeaux, France, to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As everybody knows, it is accounted bad luck to begin anything on a Friday, or to sit at a table with thirteen, or to balance a chair on one leg, or to spill salt around before commencing. In the whole year, during which bad luck had been thus defied, no single fatality has, as yet, occurred to any member.

☞ It is easy enough for a soured man to renounce society and go into the desert; the only difficulty is to dwell there.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Art of Letting Land Alone.

Notwithstanding our farmers have learned many important lessons during the last dozen years, and have made wonderful progress in almost every branch of husbandry, there yet remains one lesson of great importance that many have not learned, and one which must be not only acquired, but practiced, before a man can become a good farmer. It does not consist in doing, but in *not doing:* not in cultivating land, but in letting it alone—and we judge it is an art as difficult to practice as it is to learn, and more difficult to learn, perhaps, than almost anything else in the line of the farmer's practice.

The course of many farmers in this state, even at this day, is ruinous to the land they till, and instead of becoming better, it is growing worse from year to year. Land needs rest. No matter how much it is manured, it needs to be let alone occasionally. True, most soils will produce a crop every year, provided the land is given a good dressing, but the same soil becomes in a much better manner fitted for the same or other crops, by having seasons of rest. Hence a rotation of crops is recommended, whereby the same field produces different crops each year, and has an opportunity of *resting* during the course.

We are much surprised that many farmers will persist in cultivating over and over again, the same fields, often with the same crop, year after year, instead of digging into their new land. They need to learn the art of letting land alone. Some farmers in cultivating their lands do not get enough in return to pay for the manure and labor which their crops cost. Such should practice letting land alone, until they can cultivate it in such a way as to make it pay all the expenses, produce good returns, and be in better condition each year than before.

There are farmers who are always doing too much. They are constantly hurried, have their hands full of business, and, to use a common expression, "get more than they can carry." They attempt to go over—not cultivate, for their practice is a disgrace to the name—too much land, and as a consequence their work is but half done; their land half manured, and they harvest but half a crop. Let them practice the art of letting land alone; by so doing, their work will be easier, their crops larger, and their farm will increase in value. It is better for land to lay still and rest than to be half manured and half tilled.

Fallows are not much practiced among our farmers—not so much, we judge, as they were some years ago. It is an excellent practice for some soils, and we wonder it is not oftener resorted to where land must be "let alone" for some cause or other. Besides giving an opportunity for destroying noxious weeds, which may be ploughed under and thus add to the fertility of the soil, land which lies in fallow is benefitted by the action of the atmosphere, and the influences of rain, frost, sunshine, and wind. In the old country it is practiced to a great extent, and the soil is thereby rendered more fertile. It receives oxygen, carbonic acid and ammonia from the air; and these the land retains for the future use of crops, besides rendering soluble many of the valuable mineral salts contained in the soil. These salts—such as potash, alumina, magnesia and iron, often soda and lime—(all prime elements in the food of plants) are rendered soluble, and therefore fitted to become food for plants, when land is turned up and left in contact with the atmosphere. For these and other reasons, many of our farmers need to understand the art of letting their land alone.—*Maine Farmer.*

How to Keep Butter.

After taking out as much butter as will last for a week or fortnight if the weather is cold, I take two quarts of water, one of clean fine salt, one pound of white sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt-petre; when dissolved, lay a piece of white linen over the butter, (covering it closely around the edges,) and pour on part of this brine. Head up the firken, and if it leaks set it in a washtub, and put in some more, driving down the hoops; every time butter is taken out close the firkin in this way. If the salt does not all dissolve in the brine, add a little more water. One recipe will do for one hundred pounds of butter. With this recipe I have kept butter into July, in Brooklyn.—E. J. E., *in New York Observer.*

RHUBARB AND ASPARAGUS.—Both start into growth early in the spring, hence it is better to set out roots in the fall. Neither can be injured by manure, nor is a light, deeply worked soil at all objectionable. The "giant" asparagus is always found on rich soil, which has much more to do with large stalks than any special variety. Plenty of manure will always bring "mammoth" or "colossal" rhubarb from Linnæus roots, the best sort to plant, all things considered. Speaking of rhubarb, reminds us of pies made of half rhubarb and half green tomatoes, after the manner of rhubarb pies, but with less sugar, which are "very good."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMELET.—The proper way to make an omelet is to take three spoonsful of milk for each egg, and a pinch of salt to each one also. Beat the eggs lightly for three or four minutes, and pour them into a hot pan in which a piece of butter the size of a walnut has been melted a moment before. The mass will begin to bubble and rise in flakes immediately, and the bottom must be lifted incessantly with a clean knife so that the softer parts run in. An omelet should be cooked about three or four minutes, and made in this way will melt in the mouth.—*Scientific American.*

Receipt for Ginger Snaps.

Of all the cakes one loves to eat perhaps
None charms the palate like good ginger snaps,
And if to make the best you'd wish to know,
Why, study well the rhymes you find below:
Melt of butter half a pound, also of lard,
Then add sugar, brown, half a pound,
Stir in a quart of 'lasses, not too hard,
Four tablespoons of ginger, nicely ground.
Into this mixture sift two quarts of flour,
(Then to insure the cakes shall not be sour,)
Dissolve in milk four teaspoonsful of soda,
Saleratus is advised, but I like not the odor;
Mix either with milk, it surely makes no matter
So that you strain the milk into the batter;
Add more flour, and roll out thin the dough,
Then cut in cakes, but this you surely know.
Bake them well in an oven, cooks call "slow,"
And when they're baked they'll not last long I know.

Mincemeat.

We give a number of receipts for making mincemeat. The ingredients can be increased or lessened at the pleasure of the person making it:—

MINCEMEAT.—There are various opinions as to the result of adding meat to the sweet ingredients used in making this dish. Many housewives think it an improvement, and use either the under cut of a well-roasted surloin of beef, or a boiled fresh ox-tongue for the purpose. Either of these meats may be chosen with advantage, and one pound, after it has been cooked, will be found sufficient; this should be freed from fat and well minced. In making mincemeat, each ingredient should be minced separately and finely before it is added to the others. For a moderate quantity, take two pounds of raisins, (stoned,) the same quantity of currants, well washed and dried, ditto of beef suet chopped fine, one pound of apples pared and cored, two pounds of moist sugar, half a pound of candied orange peel, and a quarter of a pound of citron, the grated rinds of three lemons, one grated nutmeg, a little mace, half an ounce of salt, and one teaspoonful of ginger. After having minced the fruit separately, mix all well together with the hand, then add half a pint of brandy and the same of sherry. Mix well with a spoon, press it down in jars, and cover it with a bladder.

MINCEMEAT TO KEEP.—Take a pound and a half of currants; a pound of best raisins, stoned; three-quarters of a pound of almonds, cut very small; the peel of one lemon, minced small; the juice of one lemon; three apples, minced small; a pound of citron, minced small; a pound and a half of suet, shred very fine; an eighth of an ounce of nutmeg; the same of cinnamon; the same of cloves. Put the whole into a jar, and keep it dry. When wanted, mix it with either wine or brandy.

MINCEMEAT WITHOUT MEAT.—One pound hard apples cut small, one pound currants, half a pound shred raisins, half a pound beef suet, quarter of a pound moist sugar, one ounce lemon and citron peel, quarter of an ounce cinnamon, one drachm mace, the rind of a lemon grated, one glass of brandy, and two glasses of sherry. Double the above for a large family.

MINCEMEAT.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

ANOTHER WAY.—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, one ounce of orange-peel, one small nutmeg, one bottle of apples chopped fine, the rind of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy; mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 47 letters.
My 44, 5, 14, 35, 23, 38, 32, is a shepherd's crook.
My 37, 6, 10, 42, 15, 27, 7, 13, 20, 47, 35, was a religious order.
My 3, 41, 22, 18, 35, 11, 36, 13, 34, 35, were ancient heretics who made their appearance in the reign of the Emperor Trajan.
My 38, 32, 13, 4, 2, 25, 39, 31, is a Christian festival.
My 46, 9, 19, 24, 3, 1, 27, 20, 29, 35, were the followers of a Syrian monk in the 17th century.
My 8, 42, 30, 2, 33, 26, 42, 21, 34, 35, was a religious sect that arose in the year 1525.
My 17, 28, 16, 40, 38, was a Northern Commodore.
My 45, 18, 7, 14, 43, 45, 10, 23, 35, 1, 35, was a sect of philosophers in France.
My whole is one of the results of this infamous rebellion. GEO. IRWIN.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Behead me, and I show a Mexican hamlet.
Take away my 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th, and I am an article.
My 5th, 3d and 1st, is a conveyance.
My 3d, 2d, 5th, and 6th, belongs to architecture.
My 5th, 2d, and 4th, is a useful vessel.
My 5th, 2d, 3d, and 1st, is a shell-fish.
My whole is met with in woods, valleys, and meadows, and the tired soldier often hails its presence with delight. It belongs to oratory, is seen on trees and plants, and applies to families and their ancestry. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in moon, but not in the sun.
My 2d is in cannon, but not in a gun.
My 3d is in morning, but not in the night.
My 4th is in wrong, but never in right.
My 5th is in destiny, but rules not in fate.
My 6th is in nation, but not in the state.
My 7th is in globe, but not in the earth.
My whole with Aurora has its fair birth.
ZAIDA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a female relation.
My second expresses tenderness or value.
My third is an exclamation.
My whole is the name of a salubrious island, and also of a fine wine. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a numeral.
My second is a French coin.
My whole is the name of a line of sovereigns.
Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to divide the sum of $20 among four persons, so that A receives 1-3d, B 1-4th, C 1-5th, and D 1-6th. What is each one's exact share? G. C.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man received $6,000, and out of it reserves $400, and puts the remainder out at interest at 6 per cent. per annum. Now, if he reserves $400 every year until the whole is exhausted, how long will it last him, reckoning compound interest. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five equal circles touch each other externally, and cut off equal areas from a circle of 20 rods diameter. Required, the radii of the equal circles when the aggregate area cut off by them is a maximum. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What man is the saddest part of man? Ans.—Wo-man.

☞ What man has the greatest number of hands? Ans.—Manufacturer.

☞ What man is the worst foe of freedom? Ans.—Manacle.

☞ What man is the most time-honored liberator? Ans.—Manumission.

☞ What man had a remarkable fall in a desert? Ans.—Manna.

☞ What man receives most attention from an editor? Ans.—Manuscript.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Joseph S. Ross, Jr., Cincinnati, O. CHARADE—Sacramento, (Sack, ra, men, toe.) RIDDLE—Christmas. CHARADE—Catholic, (Cat, Hoe, Lick.) CHARADE—Dayton, (Day, Tun.)

Answer to W. Siverly's PROBLEM, published Oct. 22d:—12.4964 hours.—Gill Bates, David Wickersham, Reuben Barto, Morgan Stevens, and the author.

Answer to Francis W. Hibbard's PROBLEM, same date:—6 horses, 6 cows, 48 sheep, and 40 pigs.—Reuben Barto and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to R. Barto's, same date:—12.1662 inches.—Morgan Stevens, W. Siverly, and R. Barto.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's, same date:—Length of pendulum vibrating seconds 3 feet 3.529956 in.; length of one vibrating 3 times in 5 seconds, 9 feet 1.80351 in.—Reuben Barto. Morgan Stevens's answer is 39.3592 in., and 109.972 in.

☞ A debtor who can't pay is apt to run away. Like the lightning, if he can't fork, he bolts.